

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

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A MONEY-EXCHANGE IN HAVANA.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING PLACES THAT AMERICAN VISITORS SEEK OUT FIRST IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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January 6th, 1898, No. 2208.  
January 13th, 1898, No. 2209.  
February 3d, 1898, No. 2212.  
February 10th, 1898, No. 2213.  
February 24th, 1898, No. 2215.  
March 3d, 1898, No. 2216.  
May 12th, 1898, No. 2226.  
June 2d, 1898, No. 2229.

## The Tempting South.

WHILE the adventurous and enterprising American is talking of "taking his chances" in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, or the far-off Philippines, careful and conservative investors are turning their eyes upon our own sunny South.

More money has been made in the Southern States in the last twenty years than will be made in the next fifty years in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, and the chances for money making in the South have only commenced. Heretofore it has been largely an agricultural section, mostly devoted to the raising of cotton and corn. A recent issue of the *Baltimore Manufacturers' Record* shows that during the past year over 3,000 new industrial enterprises have been started in the Southern States.

The price of iron for the world is now made at Birmingham, Alabama, and that city will shortly make the world's price of steel. The South's industrial evolution, which began with the development of its iron interests, rapidly spread to all of the collateral iron industries, including machine-shops and foundries, stove factories, steel plants, and hardware factories. The 3,000 new industries which have sprung up during the past year include fertilizer and phosphate works, wood-working factories, furniture, vehicle, agricultural, and miscellaneous works; textile, flour, and cotton-seed-oil mills; gas and water works; telephone systems; electric light and power, and ice and cold-storage plants; canneries, and hundreds of miscellaneous plants. Nearly every Southern State has increased its railroad mileage during the past year, and every Southern harbor has largely increased its export trade.

Alabama has shipped a thousand tons of iron a day, month after month, and the ports of New Orleans, Norfolk, Baltimore, Pensacola, Brunswick, and Mobile are shipping American products direct and by the shortest route to many foreign countries. The development of the iron industry in the South is in its infancy, and in the manufacture of textiles that section of the country has not begun to take the place it will fill, although last year over 330,000 spindles were added to the equipment of Southern mills, in which \$5,000,000 sought new investment. Nearly \$1,000,000 went into the cotton-seed mills—for American cotton oil finds a market in every civilized country—and \$5,000,000 is being put in the iron and steel industries of Alabama, and millions into those of Tennessee and Virginia. Rich in natural resources, with splendid water-powers still undeveloped and almost unknown, welcoming capital and hospitably welcoming the investor from the North, the South is having a wonderful awakening, and it requires no cunning eye to perceive that it is on the road to unmeasured and immeasurable wealth. General Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, has just called attention to the fact that the agricultural wealth of the South would be vastly increased if its products were diversified; that, favored as it is by conditions of climate and soil, it can find an enormous market in the North for its early vegetables, spring lamb, young chickens, and other commodities which, in this luxurious day, find a ready sale in every city. The canning industry can find no better location than in many of the Southern States, where fruits are raised in the greatest abundance and at the lowest cost. Fruit culture and the culture of nuts find their best opportunities in the Southern States. There is everything, in fact, in the South to sustain a large population in comfort and with less hardship than must be encountered in almost any other section of the world.

In no other part of the country are farming lands so cheap as they are in the South, and nowhere else are such favorable inducements offered to the emigrant. The productive lands of the West and Northwest are held at such a price that the South offers a decided advantage to the farm-seeker. In the past an unreasonable prejudice existed on the part of many against settling in the South. The

march of progress and of patriotism will speedily sweep away the last vestige of this prejudice, and when that time comes an army of emigrants will tramp from every section to fill the boundless areas of unoccupied lands in the South, and make their fields blossom with new wealth. Population means prosperity. It means new business for the railroads, for the manufacturer, the banker, the land-owner, and the commonwealth.

If you seek new fields of opportunity, go South, young man!

## The Latest and Best.

BY all odds the most interesting letters regarding the condition and prospects of our new colonies that have appeared in any American publication are those which have been printed in the columns of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. It will interest our readers to know that the Hon. Edwin Wildman, our vice-consul at Hong-Kong, has been specially delegated to give us the very best and latest information regarding the condition of public affairs in Manila, and that we have also sent as a correspondent and artist Mr. H. Irving Hancock, the well-known magazine writer, who will pay special attention to the prospects which the island affords to American capital and enterprise. In addition to the contributions of these talented gentlemen, we are in constant receipt of letters of interest from unattached writers in the Philippines, some of whose letters have already appeared and have attracted general attention.

We have sent to Cuba, in addition to the writers and artists who have been representing LESLIE'S WEEKLY in that island since the close of the war, Colonel James F. J. Archibald, whose brilliant letters relative to the Santiago campaign, when he was at the front with our army throughout the struggle in Cuba, are conceded to be the most graphic and interesting of any received from the seat of war. Colonel Archibald's illustrated letters will constitute the best series of the kind sent to any paper in the United States, and our readers may look forward to them with the most pleasant anticipations.

## Trusts Injure Newspapers.

It has just begun to dawn on some of the newspapers in the United States that the wholesale organization of trusts means the elimination of a large part of the former's advertising business. Competition in articles of general use naturally leads to their liberal advertisement, and the keener the competition the more liberal the advertising. Every publication which has reaped the profits of advertising various brands of baking-powder, cigarettes, cereals, whiskey, knit goods, corsets, silverware, and shoes will understand that the combination of the competitors in these respective lines of trade into separate trusts means the absolute withdrawal of all advertising in every line of goods which a trust monopolizes. It will not be necessary to advertise for trade if the trust controls the product, for the purchaser cannot buy from a competitor.

It is estimated that the loss in advertising to newspapers and magazines by the organization of trusts during the past two years is over \$25,000,000 per year, and if the tendency to combine industrial interests in the trust form continues, newspapers and magazines will have little more than their local advertising patronage to draw upon for their sustenance, for the income from circulation in these days is often less than nothing. When these facts begin to be appreciated and to be felt by the newspapers, we may expect such an outcry against the trusts as has never been heard before. It is strange that this peculiar condition of affairs was not foreseen long ago by far-sighted journalists. It was Horace Greeley, we believe, who once remarked that if our foresight was as good as our hindsight we would be better off by a blank sight.

## Economy at Albany.

THE watch-dog of the treasury at Albany is Senator Higgins, the able and experienced chairman of the finance committee. In a recent report made by the joint sub-committee of the Senate Finance and the Assembly Ways and Means committees, regarding the financial status of the State departments, Senator Higgins submitted some remarkably interesting disclosures. He found that for many years appropriations in New York State have been made to various departments, institutions, and commissions, in lump sums, and that their expenditure has been left entirely to the ability, favoritism, or caprice of the heads of the respective departments. The sub-committee further reported that various departments were receiving large amounts of fees and expending them as their respective heads deemed proper, without legislative control or an accounting by the State controller.

Legislation to correct these evils has been suggested by Senator Higgins, who has introduced two excellent bills, one empowering the appointment by the Governor of a financial secretary, to supervise the expenditures of State moneys, and the other forbidding any State officer to contract an indebtedness on behalf of the State in excess of his available appropriation. It is hoped that the conservative and prudent measures suggested by Senator Higgins will speedily become laws. One bill which he has introduced, however, is open to serious question. He is said to favor the expenditure of some \$60,000 for the construction of an electric-light plant in the capitol, for the lighting of the State buildings. This experiment was tried once before, and proved to be far from a success. It was an efficient aid to local political jobbery. The capitol is lighted at present by the electric light and gas companies in Albany, and it would seem as if it would be far better to make a reasonable and fair contract with them, than to expend a large amount of money on another experiment for the State.

## The Plain Truth.

THE remarkable statement has been made by a Madrid newspaper, and apparently with some official support, that the cost of Spain's last two wars in Cuba—the one with the insurgents and the other with the United States—was only about \$85,000,000. The cost thus far of our war with Spain reaches over \$600,000,000, according to the latest estimates. But it was worth the money.

It is not to be wondered at that the friends of Rear-Admiral Schley vigorously resent the characterization of his conduct by Rear-Admiral Sampson as "reprehensible." It is most unfortunate that the controversy regarding the respective merits of Schley and Sampson has arisen, and still more unfortunate that those in authority at Washington seem to insist upon giving the widest publicity to the discussion, for which Schley is entirely free from blame. He certainly was the hero of Santiago Bay. He was the commander of the fleet. He conducted the operations. His flag-ship, the *Brooklyn*, was hit more times and hit harder than any other ship in the fleet. The only man killed on our side was one of his crew, and the officers of the Spanish fleet all testified that their special target was the ship of which Schley was the commander. Under all the circumstances, Schley has manifested commendable patience and good-temper.

New York has a Governor who means what he says. One of his ante-election pledges was to the effect that he would punish every rascal he found in the public service. Recently, the superintendent of public works discharged a canal section superintendent for falsifying his pay rolls. The discharged man lives in Herkimer County, and Governor Roosevelt has sent a sharp letter to the district attorney of that county, demanding the immediate prosecution of the offending official. As the Governor has the power to remove the district attorney for cause, we may expect prompt compliance with his request. This is a refreshing indication of the purpose of Governor Roosevelt to have an administration as clean as a bound's tooth. When he gets through with the Herkimer County case he will find one under the shadow of the capitol, for it is only a year or two ago that an employé of the department of public buildings in Albany was detected in the act of falsifying his pay-roll, though the case was hushed up. It is time it was reopened, and Governor Roosevelt is the man to do the job.

The discovery of the extensive deposits of valuable silver carbonates at Leadville, Colorado, was accidental, but that discovery led to the building up of Leadville, and added enormously to the mineral wealth of the country. Workmen, who were digging a trench on the site of Leadville, were perplexed by the weight of the earth which they threw out with their shovels. The foreman submitted a specimen of the earth to chemical analysis and found it was made up in large part of lead and silver. Then came the Leadville excitement, the discovery of numerous mines of carbonates, and the building up of many large fortunes. And now a report from Dawson City states that in the apparently worthless black sand found in every stream in the Yukon—and which has always been considered as an indication of gold—gold and platinum have been found in such quantities that miners are looking for black sand now as much as they are for gold. It is said that a ton of this sand has run as high as \$102 in gold and nearly \$800 in platinum, which latter metal is worth almost half the price of gold. Traces of other precious metals have been found in Alaska, and it will not be surprising if its mineral wealth proves to be much greater than has been anticipated.

No little interest was manifested in the suit brought in the Supreme Court of New York City recently by General Brayton Ives, one of the best-known and most successful financiers of the metropolis, against a London firm of book-sellers which, nine years ago, sold to him a book for \$4,500. The volume was alleged to contain a very valuable copy of a letter written by Christopher Columbus. General Ives claims that he discovered that the book was only a skillful modern reproduction by photography of the original work, and that if this was so it was scarcely worth five dollars. Without entering into the merits of this interesting case, we cannot but commend General Ives for the stand he took in the matter. In the sale of books and pictures it has been charged for many years that even the most experienced collectors have sometimes been grossly imposed upon. Such imposition would be rendered far more difficult if collectors of art treasures would promptly bring irregularities to the attention of the public. General Ives is well known as one of the wealthiest and most generous men in New York City, whose benefactions in a single year exceed by many times the amount involved in his suit against the English firm. He has acted courageously and conscientiously.

It has been stated that the Manhattan Elevated Railroad of New York declined to grant the request of Richard Croker for the use of the elevated structure to carry the pipes of a compressed air company because, among other reasons, the elevated railroad, under its charter, had no right to make such an agreement. The charter of the elevated railroad was granted for the purpose of carrying passengers in this city and for nothing else. Alderman Okie, one of the best men in the board, understands the situation, and he is in favor of strictly limiting the operations of the Manhattan Elevated to the rights granted by its franchise. The Editorial Association of the State of New York has appointed a committee to request the Governor and Attorney-General of this State to insist that the elevated and the surface railways discontinue the advertising business, which is now done in violation of their charters. Publishers of newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals feel, therefore, that they have a right to enter a protest against illegitimate competition by corporations chartered exclusively for transportation purposes. It is estimated that more than \$2,000,000 annually are diverted from the regular channels of advertising by the various street railways in the cities of the United States. It is remarkable that this abuse has been tolerated so long and so patiently.



# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—JAMES O'NEILL, who has been secured to appear at the Broadway Theatre as *D'Artagnan*, in Sydney Grundy's famous version of Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," possesses, beyond his magnetic personality, a life-history full of interest.



JAMES O'NEILL, THE ACTOR.

He was born in Killenny about forty-eight years ago, and has won his way from poverty up to a position of influence and wealth. Most of his youth was spent in Cincinnati, and his parents designed that he should enter the priesthood. The imaginative boy chose the stage, and when he was seventeen played his first part in the old National Theatre in Cincinnati. He obtained a position as an "extra" in Edwin Forrest's company, where he had the dignified task of carrying a spear. Two years afterward, however, he played *Julius* to Mr. Forrest's *Virginia*. His success on the stage was then assured. He became leading man at Hooley's Theatre, and afterward of McVicker's stock company, and was then called to the celebrated stock company of the Union Square Theatre, in New York. It was in these days that he appeared with Adelaide Neilson and made the beginning of his national reputation. At this time Mr. O'Neill was twenty-two years of age, and for the next few years he supported Mr. Booth, alternating with that heroic player in the leading rôles of the great tragedies, as Barrett later did. Mr. O'Neill turned his face steadfastly in the direction of the romantic drama, and has been its strongest adherent. The most notable incident of his career in recent years was in connection with the elaborate production of Salmi Morse's "Passion Play," at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco. Herein Mr. O'Neill was cast for the Saviour, and though at first entering upon it most reluctantly, for he is a conscientious churchman, he finally essayed the character and created a profound impression by his masterly portrayal of the rare character. Enormous offers were made to the Pacific coast managers for a New York production of the "Passion Play," but various impediments, not the least of which was an aroused public sentiment against the production, discouraged the enterprise. Since this time Mr. O'Neill has devoted himself to the classic repertory, interspersed with "Monte Cristo," "Fontenelle," and other plays of a romantic character. His appearance in New York as *D'Artagnan*, after so long an absence, was looked forward to with most cordial interest.

—There is no stranger romance of the war than that of "Pet" Wolf, a Chickasaw Indian, who was a second lieutenant in Troop M, rough riders, and fought in the Cuban campaign. When the war with Spain came and the men of the West were given a chance to enlist, Wolf was among the first to do so. Although several times wounded, he would not go to the hospital until a hole was shot in his side. Then he only remained there for a day or so. When the soldiers went into the city of Santiago to raise the flag, Wolf met a Spanish girl named Aneta Calleja. Her father had been one of the richest men in the island, but his fortune had dwindled away. He was proud and stormed when his daughter was seen talking with the rough rider. The Indian meant business and the girl loved him with undying nature. When he was forced to leave with the army he told her that he would return in a short time and take her with him to the United States. When the soldiers were mustered out he hastened back to Cuba and took the girl. The father objected and he was promptly killed. To Wolf this was nothing. He has killed many Indians and several white men, and has also served a term or two in the penitentiary for divers crimes. The newspapers were full of details of the crime at the time. No one knew who murdered the old man, but they suspected his daughter. In the meantime the Indian and his bride hastened to America under different names and were married in New York. They then went out West and have been living quietly on a ranch in the Chickasaw nation. The picture of the bride was taken at Oklahoma City, upon the only visit they have ever made to any large town since going to their home in that far-away country.

THE CUBAN BRIDE OF AN INDIAN.

—The brave young officer who led the three companies of the Kansas regiment that made such a brilliant charge against the Filipinos, who in great numbers were pressing hard upon a reconnoitring party near Calocan during the recent Manila outbreak, deserves a few words of special mention. He is a real hero. Few men of thirty-two years have had a more varied and exciting personal experience than Frederick Funston. Only last year he returned from Cuba, where he had served as lieutenant-colonel and chief of artillery in the insurgent army, the highest position held by an American in Cuba since the death of Colonel

Gordon. He returned because of very serious wounds sustained, including a gun-shot wound through both lungs, from which he was not expected to recover. He served eighteen months as the associate of Generals Gomez and Garcia, and was their confidential adviser. He was born in Springfield, Ohio, but when a child moved with his father, afterward Congressman E. H. Funston, to Iola, Kansas, which is still his residence. In 1891, as a special agent of the botany division of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, he spent several months exploring that terror of the emigrant in the Mohave Desert, of California, known as the "Death Valley." He survived the hardships of this work, and in 1892, 1893, and 1894 traveled about Alaska for the same department, and collected a large number of very valuable specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. He made the voyage from the mouth to the source of the Yukon in an open boat, traveled over it also in snow-shoes in midwinter, and traversed the very region now known as the gold-diggings of the Klondike, suffering the severest experiences and narrowly escaping death several times. He went to Cuba in August, 1896, with the Cabrera expedition, and accepted a command under a commission from Gomez in the insurgent army as captain, whence he returned wounded and broken in health. He then said that he was cured of the spirit of adventure, and that his chief ambition was to settle down in life on a two-acre farm, but as soon as the war with Spain broke out he was first to go to the front with the Kansas volunteers. In spite of the hardships he has undergone, Mr. Funston is a fine specimen of physical vigor. He is short, well-set, with a face full of grim determination. His bearded features bear a great resemblance to those of General Grant.

—It is not generally known that when Toru Hoshi, until recently the Japanese minister to this country, returned home it



JAPAN'S FORMER MINISTER.

was only on a temporary leave of absence, for the purpose of looking to his political interests, which he felt were suffering through his continued absence. He is one of the leaders of the Japanese liberal party and a powerful politician. When he reached his native land he found that the interests of his party and his own political power demanded his attention and continued presence in Japan, so he petitioned the Emperor to permit him to permanently withdraw from his diplomatic station. Hoshi is now a member of the Japanese House of Commons, and as the leader of the liberals, wields much more power and has much greater influence than he could have as minister to the United States, although his former position was technically higher than his present one. Hoshi has been a commanding figure in Japanese politics for about ten years. His first important post was that of collector of the port of Yokohama, but he became so involved in political intrigues that he was forced to leave the country. It is said, indeed, that he fled for his life. He came to New York and remained about two years, during which his political enemies in Japan lost most of their power. He returned to Tokio, gained the friendship of the Emperor, and about three years ago came back to this country, not as a fugitive this time, but as the representative of his government. His successor in this important diplomatic station, Jutaro Komur, was educated here, being a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1876. He was a brilliant student, and a great future was predicted for him. His first experience in diplomacy was gained as minister to Corea. He afterward served as minister to China, and was for some years vice-minister in the department of foreign affairs, Tokio.

—The name of a colored man appears on every piece of paper currency issued by the United States government. That man



EVERYBODY WANTS HIS AUTOGRAPH.

is the register of the Treasury, Judson W. Lyons. He was born in 1858, in Georgia, was sent to school in Augusta, by his mother, and afterward to the Augusta Institute, teaching school at night to obtain means of support. In 1878 he was elected a delegate to a Congressional convention meeting at Crawfordsville, Georgia, and made a fiery speech, which infuriated the Democrats and led to threats of lynching. Young Lyons did not know of these threats, and was greatly surprised when he was invited by the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, the ex-Vice-President of the Confederacy, who lived at Crawfordsville, to become his guest. At three o'clock in the morning Mr. Stephens's secretary and valet accompanied Lyons to the depot and saw him safely off for Atlanta. Some time afterward Mr. Lyons asked Mr. Stephens the reason for his entertainment, and then learned, for the first time, that his life had

been saved by the thoughtfulness of his friend. Mr. Lyons was a member of the Republican National Convention in 1880, and served in the internal-revenue service of Georgia. In 1884 he was graduated from Howard University, at Washington, and was admitted to the Bar in Augusta. He was a Presidential elector on the Republican ticket in Georgia in 1892, and in 1896, as a delegate to the Republican National Convention, voted for McKinley. In 1898 he was appointed register of the Treasury. He is president of the board of trustees of Haines College, Augusta, and is one of the leading colored men in the United States.

—One of the most startling incidents of the recent cold snap and blizzard was the rescue of a party of boys from freezing to



A CHICAGO LIFE-SAVER.

death on an ice-floe off Fort Sheridan, Chicago. The boys attend the Lake Forest Academy and University, and ventured out in the afternoon of Sunday, February 12th, for a walk upon the solid ice, which reached out into the lake for miles. They suddenly discovered, toward dusk, that the ice had separated and that they were drifting away from shore. Every effort was made to rescue them, and crowds gathered at the beach and lit bonfires to direct the boys to a place of safety, but the ice floated out several miles and hope was abandoned. A telephone message was sent from Lake Forest to L. O. Van Riper and M. H. Baker, of Highland Park, widely known as life-savers, and they started out in a sixteen-foot dory to the rescue. Nearly three hours were consumed in the effort to push through the dangerous ice-field, and when all the boys were finally taken aboard, the water almost ran over the edge of the boat. It hardly seemed possible to complete the rescue, but finally the party landed. The courage and skill of Mr. Van Riper and Mr. Baker were highly complimented by the Chicago newspapers and by all who witnessed the dramatic incident.

—Marguerite Lemon, the well-known prima-donna of the Broadway Theatre Opera Company, New York, is a young and beautiful woman. Her



MARGUERITE LEMON, AS "DONA INEZ DE LARA."

charming face and figure are well matched by a superb soprano voice, rarely cultivated and of wonderful range. She is classed among the little women, but she makes up for lack of stature by a strong and pleasing personality. She is slight and graceful, with a clear olive skin and raven hair. Her personal charms are especially fitted for the part of *Dona Inez de Lara*, in "The Three Dragoons." For the past few years Miss Lemon has been prominently identified with concert and oratorio singing, her debut on the stage occurring when the comic opera "Leonora" was produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, four years ago. She afterward sang the part of *O Mimosa San* in "The Geisha," at Daly's Theatre, and made a distinct hit, lasting throughout the long run of the opera. She then went to England to sing for David Bispham in the production there of the musical play, "Adelaide."

—Perhaps the most distinguished Mohammedan scholar in the world is Sir Syed Ahmed Khan. He is a subject of Queen



A DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR.

Victoria, and in 1875 founded a school at Aligarh, in Northwest India, for Mohammedans. The institution is now a college, and Ahmed is soliciting subscriptions to make it a great university. He says there is not in the whole Moslem world a modern university, and argues that if the British would establish such an institution, where Mohammedan students could receive training in their own religion as well as secular training, the result would be the rapid development of Western methods and ideas, and the production of men of real education and learning among the enormous Mohammedan constituency of Great Britain. His purpose is to have the Mohammedan students meet the European students on terms of equality, and his suggestion has been very seriously considered by a number of eminent Englishmen.





GENERALS BROOKE AND LUDLOW AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION IN HAVANA, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



THE SECOND ARTILLERY PASSING IN REVIEW ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, IN HAVANA.



THE TENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY MARCHING IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL INGLATERRA, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



CROWD AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GOMEZ AT HAVANA.



THE BATTLE-FLAG OF GOMEZ BEING CARRIED IN FRONT OF THE HAVANA CLUB.



CARRIAGE IN THE GOMEZ PARADE, BEARING AMERICAN, CUBAN AND SPANISH COLORS, SYMBOLICAL OF PEACE.



AN INTERESTING PART OF THE CIVIC PARADE AT THE RECEPTION OF GOMEZ.

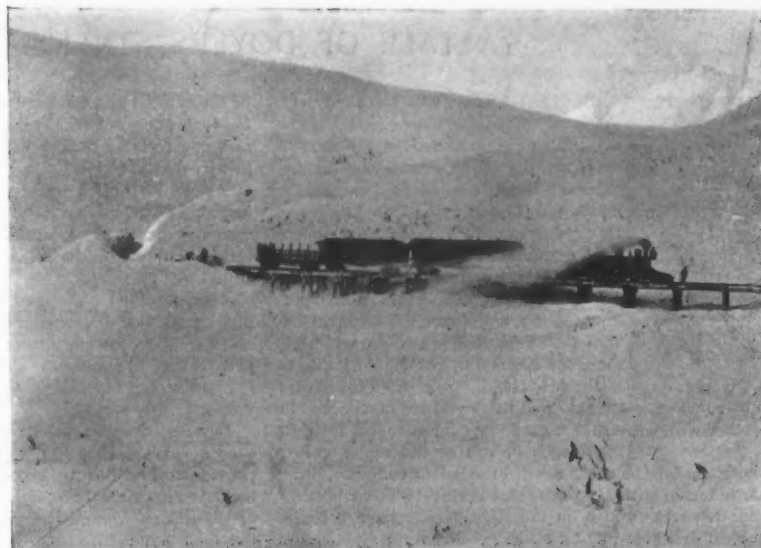
### HAVANA IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATIONS AT THE FIRST CELEBRATION, IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL, OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AND IN HONOR OF THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GOMEZ.—[SEE PAGE 235.]

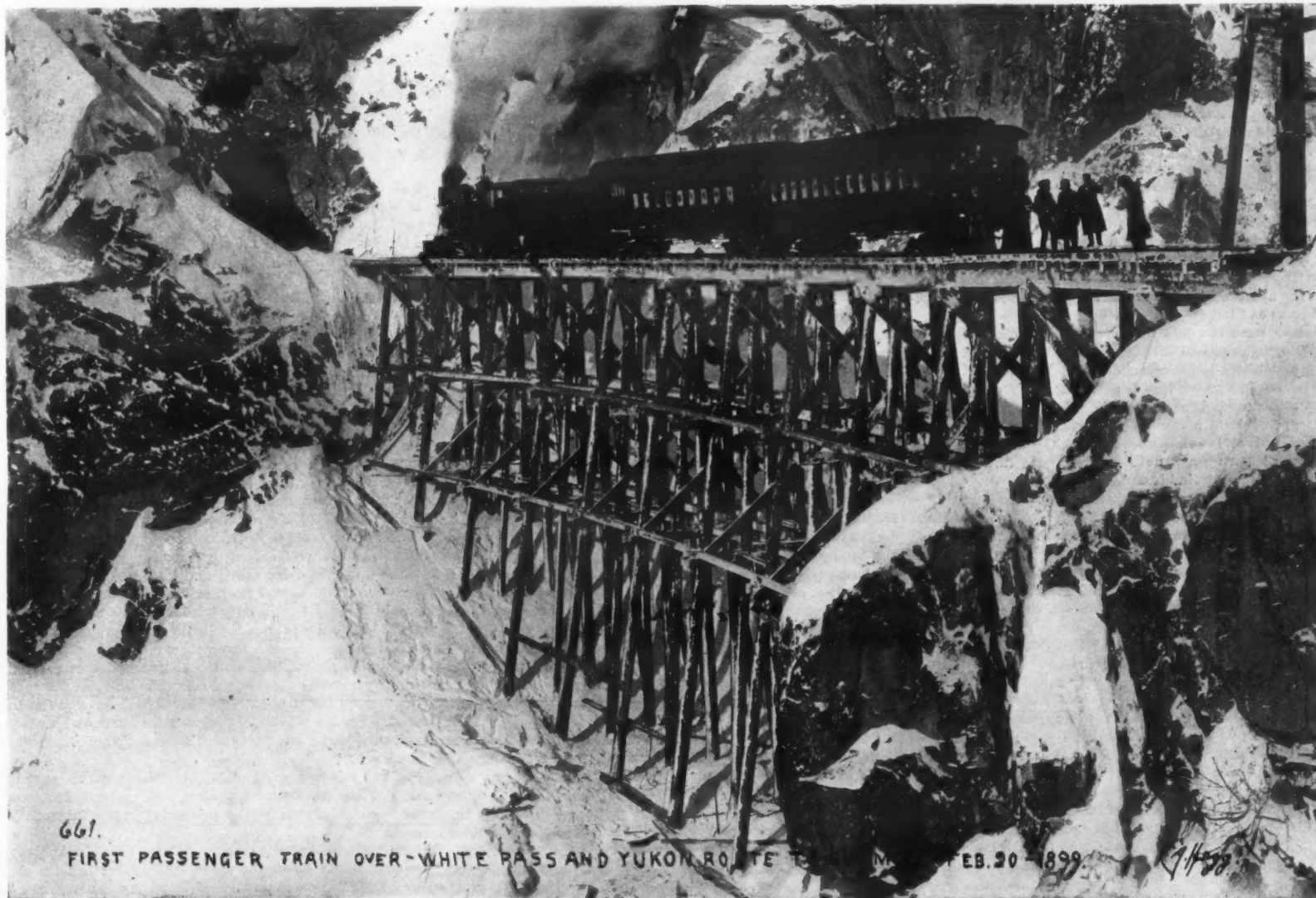




ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE SNOW-CROWNED SUMMIT OF THE PERILOUS WHITE PASS, IN ALASKA, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1899.



THE FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN DESCENDING FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS, IN ALASKA.



FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN OVER WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE FEB. 20 - 1899

BRIDGING A CHASM ON THE LINE OF THE FIRST RAILROAD OVER THE FAMOUS WHITE PASS OF ALASKA.



MAKING THE ASCENT OF THE WHITE PASS ON FOOT—PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF THE DOUBLE TRAIL ON THE COAST SIDE OF THE PASS.—Copyright, 1898, by E. S. Curtis.

### Alaska's First Railroad.

TRAINS ARE NOW RUNNING FROM SKAGWAY TO THE SUMMIT OF THE DREADED WHITE PASS.

THAT nature presents no obstacles that cannot be surmounted by engineering skill and commercial enterprise has received another demonstration in the recent completion of the first twenty miles of the White Pass and Yukon railway route. Two passenger, and five freight trains are now running daily between Skagway and the summit of White Pass. These first twenty miles of the journey to the Klondike present to travelers afoot some of the greatest difficulties of the whole trip, but there will soon be no more of this slow and painful toiling through the passes. It will be possible within a comparatively short period to travel all the way to the gold-fields in a luxurious railway-car. The line is being rapidly pushed to Fort Selkirk, on the Yukon. It is expected that passenger and freight trains will be running as far as Lake Bennett by June 1st, and by the spring of 1900 the valley of the Yukon, unparalleled in mineral wealth and natural beauty, but heretofore so inaccessible, will be open to the world.

The shriek of a locomotive echoed through the mountains of the Klondike trail for the first time on February 20th, when the Pacific and Arctic Railway and Navigation Company sent its first train over its road to the summit of White Pass. The invited guests and others aboard this train saw some of the finest panoramic pictures that Mother Nature has in her gallery of natural art. The tourists looked down thousands of feet, over frightful precipices, into chasms in which the shadows of night are always present, and up thousands of feet to majestic peaks upon whose

(Continued on page 235.)



# IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

A TALE OF DOYERS STREET.

DOYERS STREET was streaked with shadows. Here and there the light from a burning gas-lamp flooded the narrow way, making more dismal the lurking shadows which seemed to cling to the nooks and corners with gloomy tenacity. In the door-way of a tumble-down house an old goat stood calmly munching a cast-away paper box. It was a clear night overhead. The stars were stud- ding the sky, and above the eastern horizon, swimming in a sea of darkest blue, the moon beamed brightly. As it climbed the heavens the stars paled into a dim twinkle and the world lay phantomed in a golden hue. The old goat still stood in the door-way, and as the moon smiled

above the house-tops he gazed toward the ball of radiance, beating a gentle tattoo with his stubby tail against the door-post.

Farther down the street, on the right-hand corner, a fruit-stand hugged the side wall of a tea-shop. From the feeble glow of an oil-lamp the red of the apples, the brown of the dates and figs, and the pale green of the sugar-cane shone in profusion, behind which pink, white, and yellow candies showed through the show-cases. And back of it all two eyes gleamed like diamonds in the light.

It was not yet winter, but the nights were chilly, and Hee Jan, the fruit-vender, shivered in his sandals. A breeze had sprung up with the moon, and it eddied around the corner of the street with a direful moaning. Just at this hour there were few pedestrians, but as the minutes crept on, the pavements resounded with the scuffling of many feet. The shop-doors began to close, the lights went out in the windows, and the merchants filed out into the streets, loitering here and there in friendly groups, or promenading the narrow thoroughfare.

Hee Jan smoothed back his queue and rattled his bony hands against the side of his stand. The flame of the oil-lamp flared up with the wind, throwing his lean face in sombre contrast against the red-brick wall.

"Hoy Toy! Hoy Toy!" he mumbled in a musical monotone. "Here's the nice fruits! Here's the nice candies! Come and see, and come and buy!"

Customers were few and far between. Now and again a friendly Chinaman paused with a greeting, deftly sampling the tempting nuts, much to the discomfiture of Hee Jan.

"No buyee!" he scowled, in broken English. "No buyee! Chinaman likee eattee, but no buyee."

As he grumbled to himself a pedestrian paused a moment before the stand, and laying a coin before the astonished face of Hee Jan, picked up a handful of fruit. He turned to go, Hee Jan leaned forward in his nest.

"Is it Wong Yee?" he asked himself, aloud.

The stranger paused, and turning, said: "Tis he, indeed. But I know thee not. I am but come to the shores of the New World. I am a stranger in Chinatown."

Hee Jan smiled and displayed a glittering row of teeth.

"Dost thou not remember the friend of thy father? Dost thou so soon forget the hut by the willows, where thou didst play all the day?"

The stranger gazed surprisedly at Hee Jan, then, with a nod of recognition, said: "Yes, 'tis Hee Jan! But why here? Dost thou love the dark streets of the city better than the sunshine of thy own land?"

"It is passing fair," answered Hee Jan, passing his hand across his brow. "I would at times that I yet lived beside the waters of the beautiful Kiang, but the gods have willed me so." He sighed.

Wong Yee was tall and brawny. He wore a coat of light blue, with pantaloons of a darker shade. A black slouch hat covered his head and his queue fell in one long plait to his ankles. His face was broad and noble, a well-shaped forehead retreating from a pair of black eyes that flashed like beads of morning dew.

"Art thou long here?" continued Hee Jan, eager for a bit of gossip. "Wilt thou remain long with us?"

"Tis a problem in my mind," answered Wong Yee, leaning his arm against the stand for support. "I like not the ways of the white man. I am longing for home."

"Hast thou friends here?" asked Hee Jan. "Are all strangers about you?"

Wong Yee for a moment was silent.

"Dost thou know of Hing Lung?" he asked.

"Why, thou art so near him," said the vender, "thou canst almost hear the puff of his pipe."

Wong Yee started perceptibly, and a tinge of whiteness touched his cheeks.

"And his wife?" he continued, slowly.

Hee Jan leaned forward, straining the muscles of his chest against the shelf until the muscles of his eyes were stretched. "A woman among all women," he said. "The fairest among the fair of all Chinatown."

Wong Yee picked nervously over the nuts and candies. Hee Jan rubbed his hands together impatiently. All of a sudden a gust of wind swept around the corner, extinguishing the flame of the lamp. Hee Jan fumbled among his boxes for a match, and finding one, re-lighted the lamp. The color of his apples still showed bright, the perfume of the spices met his nose, but the face of Wong Yee had gone. He threw up a sliding window by his side and put his head through the aperture. As he looked he saw Wong Yee swallowed up in the gloom of the street.

Doyers Street is a crooked thoroughfare. It winds from Peli Street to Chatham Square, and is so narrow that the sight of a cart upon its rough cobbles is a rare one. Nothing breaks the individuality of a town within a city save the distant roar of the elevated trains and the clang of the cable bells. The sound

of the cymbal and the flute steals out from the Chinese theatre, the fragrance of burning incense floats through the open doors, and one feels as though he were treading the streets of a far-away celestial city.

At No. 16 Doyers Street stands a four-story building, looming above the smaller buildings clustered about it. A single doorway marks the main entrance, on one side of which is a tailor-shop, and on the other side the famous tea-shop of Hing Lung.

This dignified personage was at this moment enjoying his pipe by the side of a brazier of charcoal in the rear of his shop, and Loy Koy, his clerk, was busying himself among the teas, preparatory to closing the shop for the night.

"Draw the curtains," commanded Hing Lung, in a stern voice.

Loy Koy dropped the scoop of tea he was holding and hastened across the shop to the window. It was a show-window of great taste and beauty, especially to the eyes of Loy Koy, and he looked admiringly at the exquisite urns of tea, the hangings of colored paper, and at a grotesque figure of a marble god on the shelf beside him. As he pulled the curtains together he let his hand wander over the fresh leaves of tea, and with a languid caress touched the face of the god.

"Bless the sweet mistress," he murmured; "and put it into the heart of Hing Lung to add another coin to my pay."

"Cease thy prattle, boy," spoke Hing Lung; "and after thou hast weighed the tea make straight for home. Be sure and do not loiter on the corners, but to thy bed. Be quick!"

Loy Koy bowed in obedience, and a few minutes later the door closed behind him.

From without came the sound of feet, and only the occasional breathing of Hing Lung, as he puffed at his pipe, broke the silence within. A single candle burned in a suspended bead lantern, and the charcoal glowed deep in the brazier.

Presently there was the creak of an opening door, then the patter of tiny feet. Hing Lung raised his eyes and looked toward the rear of the shop, where a series of bamboo portières divided the room into sections. As he looked the strands were pushed aside and the face of a woman peered through. It was a face of beauty, the delicately arched eyebrows sweeping over a pair of laughing almond eyes. There was a repose of great refinement about the mouth, the redness of a warm blood showing through the thin arched lips. Her hair was combed back tightly from her forehead, ending in a picturesque knot, a curiously carved tortoise comb encircling the braided tresses. She wore a loose-fitting house-gown of brown, relieved by a yellow sash. Her fingers were heavy with circlets of jeweled gold, and her beaded sandals gleamed beneath the embroidered edge of her gown.

"Is my master asleep?" asked a voice, in tone like the tinkle of a bell.

There was no response. Hing Lung had closed his eyes and, holding his pipe carelessly across his chest, feigned to sleep.

Yeddo quietly made her way across the room, and drawing a low bamboo stool beside the brazier, seated herself at the feet of her husband. She nursed her face with her hands, her elbows resting upon her knees, and gazed into the glowing coals.

"Who bid thee come?" inquired Hing Lung suddenly, bringing his pipe to his mouth.

Yeddo started. She hesitated as she spoke. "The room is lonely, good master, and there is an aching here." Her hand sought her heart. "I came to thee for solace."

"Thou art like a gold-fish in a bowl, and yet thou dost bewail thy fate."

"Nay," said Yeddo; "thou art so kind to me; thou hast clothed me and fed me with all that is good. I love thee as a dutiful wife should love her husband."

"Thou dost talk like a child," said Hing Lung. "Who would not desire to be the wife of Hing Lung? Thou art the envy of all Chinatown. Thou hast the attention of a queen."

"Forgive me, sir, if I speak unjustly," began Yeddo, tearfully; "but a queen is not without loneliness, nor without tears. I do not idly speak, nor do I seek thy displeasure, but thou canst not serve two queens."

"Woman, dost thou know of what thou speakest?"

"Even so."

"You suspicion me?"

"Nay, good master; suspicion has been swallowed up in truth."

"What lying devil hast gained thy ear? Who sought thee and told thee this?" Hing Lung spoke in loud and angry tones. He pressed his finger in the bowl of his pipe until the skin was parched with the heat. His eyes flashed scorn.

"My own eyes have shown me, and the loneliness of my couch has whispered in my ears. 'Tis the beauty of the white woman which has taken thee from me."

Yeddo hid her face in her hands. Hing Lung rose from his seat and paced to and fro across the room. After a little he paused before his cowering wife.

"What if the bird does wander from its nest, the fish from the brook, the ant from its hill? What is it to you? Art thou my keeper?"

Yeddo faced her husband. She trembled, and caught at the air for support. Her eyes showed luminous in the dim light of the shop.

"Didst thou not bring me from my home across the seas to this strange land? Didst thou not promise to be true to me? This evil woman plays with thee as a cat doth toss a mouse, and when she tires of you will crush you in her claws. Oh, my master!" She burst into weeping. "Do not turn from me," she continued. "Can I do other than sigh and weep? The night is far spent before thou comest home. I pray thee, stay with me. Love me as thou didst promise to do on the banks of the Kiang."

Hing Lung turned quickly and thrust the beautiful creature from him. He flung his pipe on the floor.

"Go from me!" he cried. "Go to thy chamber and hide thy brazen face. By all that is right, I should cast thee from my door. You dare to chide me. Go!"

"Master, have pity!" exclaimed Yeddo.

"Go!" he stormed.

She turned and crept toward the rear of the shop. As she reached the swaying bamboo strands she stopped and looked back. Her husband had donned his coat and was standing by the door. He scowled at her.

"Stay, kind master," she sobbed.

Hing Lung, with a sudden movement, caught a small vase which stood on a shelf near by, and as Yeddo disappeared through the portières he hurled it at her retreating figure. It tore through the slender threads. There was a sudden cry, the sound of one falling to the floor, then all was still.

He snatched his hat from the counter, and pulling his fur-lined collar close to his throat fled from the shop.

Yeddo for a moment lay stunned on the floor. Happily the vase missed her head, spending itself against the wall. She had swerved to one side as it whirled past her, and, stumbling, had fallen to the floor as it broke into bits. As the front door rattled on its hinges she gained her feet and slowly mounted the narrow stairway.

It was a cozy room that she called her own. The walls were hung with colored panels of paper, and soft draperies shaded the windows. Couches and rugs, with an occasional folding screen, made it almost Oriental in its fittings. In one corner the hideous face of a household god showed through a cloud of smoke, which curled up from burning incense-sticks, filling the room with a heavy perfume.

She dragged herself across the floor and fell on a low couch. She sobbed to herself. Her heart felt as though it had been rent in twain. Little by little the tears dried in her eyes, her heart-throbs slowed, and she began to reason.

The picture of her beautiful home among the hills of the province of Kwong Tung rose before her vision. She could hear the splash of the fountain at her door and the song of the bird in the tree. She could see the touch of the morning sun upon the hills, the sheen of the rice-fields, and the gilded dome of some distant pagoda.

One year back and she had been a free child in her father's household. Wing Chong owned great rice-fields along the banks of the Kiang, and was one of the wealthiest natives in the province. But Fortune is as fickle as she is good, and there had come a time when ruin stared him in the face and the treasury of the household grew small. And it was at this time that Hing Lung, the wealthy New York tea merchant, had visited his native land. He saw Yeddo; there was a hasty compromise, and before many days had dawned the marriage-feast was over and Wing Chong was a saved man. A short time afterward Doyers Street was gossiping about the beautiful bride.

Yeddo's cup of bitterness was filled to the brim, and as she lay crushed in sorrow there came the thought of another, the sweet remembrance of love's young pledge. Would she ever see the face of the noble celestial to whom long ago she had given her heart? She was trying to be loyal to her father's choice, but it was no easy task. And now to realize that she was forsaken for another, that she had been cast aside for a woman with a white face, made her sick at heart. What could she do? She had heard of the white woman's freedom. For a moment her heart was eased in its pain. She might be free. There was surely some escape from her thralldom.

She arose from her couch and glided to the window. The room was on the second floor, and a modern fire-escape formed a rude balcony to the only window which looked out to the street. The sill was on a level with the floor, and the windows opened like a door. She threw them open and peered stealthily out into the night. The cooling air from without revived her. Her tiny nostrils sniffed at the refreshing breeze.

The moon had reached mid-heaven, and its rays flooded the street. The eaves of an adjoining house shadowed a portion of the balcony, and into this indistinctness Yeddo crept and stood alone.

It was well on toward midnight. The lamps above the doorways on the adjacent houses were out, and only the scattered street-lamps glowed yellow in the brighter effulgence of the moon.

As Yeddo looked she saw the form of one she knew so well walking slowly down the street. As he reached the shop of Hing Lung he paused and gazed into the windows. She heard a low groan. He turned to pass on. It was Wong Yee.

She knew in a moment that he had journeyed over sea and land only to pass by her door. She knew she was yet his queen. How true he had been to her. Her heart throbbed wildly, as all the ardor of her young life leaped through her veins.

At this moment Wong Yee paused and listened. The sound of one singing met his ears. It was a love-ditty, whispered in a musical monotone, and it seemed to hover around him in tones he knew full well. It came in sweet modulations, like the gentle hum of a bird's wings among the flowers. It deepened, grew fainter, and died away.

Yeddo moved slowly to the other end of the balcony, and as Wong Yee gazed upward he saw her, scintillating, beautiful, in the storm of moonlight.

"My love!" he gasped.

She touched her fingers to her lips. "Walls have ears and eyes, most noble Wong Yee. Move on. Yeddo's heart is weighed down in sorrow."

Wong Yee moved closer to the shop, and, looking at his loved one, said: "Wouldst thou drive me from thee?"

"Hush!" spoke Yeddo, glancing cautiously up and down the street. Then, leaning far over the iron railing, "At the stroke of eleven, in the light of morrow's moon, seek me here. That passage-way leads to my chamber. The master will be gone." With a farewell beckon of the hand she disappeared within the window.

Wong Yee's hand sought his head, and the hotness of his forehead burned his palm. A great delight was filling his soul. "Oh, moon," he said, "would that I could sleep until thy brightness again lights up the world! Rush on, I pray thee, and pass the sun, and blot the morrow out."

He listened. A group of stragglers were coming down the street, their boisterous jests and singing echoing through the



night. He stepped into the shadow of a neighboring doorway until they had wandered by.

"De Bowery, de Bowery, we won't go there any more," they were singing at the top of their voices. Fainter their voices grew. It was midnight; Doyers Street lay deserted. Wong Yee had fled exultantly into the darkness.

The old priest was busying himself among the sacred belongings of the Mott Street Joss-house, when his attention was attracted by the form of a woman who lay prostrate before the god. Her face and figure were completely concealed by the long folds of a shawl, and his astonishment at beholding a woman, evidently of his own race, bowing before the idol, sharpened his sense of curiosity to such a degree that he almost lost his balance in the endeavor to discover who she was. He glided along the low railing which surrounds the god, and knelt beside the silent deity. At this point he could discern her every motion and yet remain unseen.

In a few moments he started as he recognized the face of Yeddo, the beautiful wife of Hing Lung, the Doyers Street tea merchant. He saw her lips moving, and lent his ear to catch the words which she spoke, but he could hear nothing but a pitiful murmuring.

Again and again she prostrated herself before the god, and the priest felt within himself that all was not well at the household of Hing Lung. He saw the trace of sorrow written upon her face, and his heart was touched. It was after the tenth hour, and the lateness of her visit to the Joss-house made her mission more suspicious. He made up his mind he would investigate.

As she lay with her face to the floor a stray streak of light pierced the obscurity of the room. It was a ray of moonlight, emanating from a small, oval-shaped window at the rear of the room, just above the idol's head. Where Yeddo knelt, it appeared to come from the idol's eye.

This strange coincidence the priest grasped with alacrity, and as the burst of light fell across the floor, its resplendency resting upon the form of Yeddo, he crashed the huge cymbals together until the room rang with a noise like the booming of the sea.

Yeddo's heart stood still. She saw the light, the clash of the cymbals came to her like a great voice from the deity, and with a loud cry she fell in a heap on the floor.

"The god of all that is good," the priest sang out in a sad and melancholy voice, "hears thy prayer, and says, with the voice of many thunders, that he will grant thee whatsoever thou desirest, even to the blood of a heart. Depart in peace, and let the fair moon shine upon the fulfillment of thy great desire. Thou art favored in the sight of the god."

The return of the darkness was signaled by another crash of the cymbals. Yeddo arose and, with a beating heart, sought the street.

She reached her own threshold and hastened to the secrecy of her chamber. The coming of Wong Yee was now not far distant, and she was filled with an unspeakable joy. Before another hour had spent itself he would be at her side. She gathered together her jewels and fancy decorations, while, as by some magic touch, the flush of her youth returned.

She realized that she had overstepped the bounds of custom in going unprotected to the Joss-house, but, concealed as she was, she had not been recognized. Hing Lung she had not seen since the night before, and she knew she did not dare to seek him. He had long ago sought the companionship of the simpering white woman.

Her heart fluttered when a gentle tapping was heard on her door. It opened and Wong Yee stepped within. He stood for a moment transfixed with awe at the sight of the lovely dream before him, and then with a glad cry glided toward her. But Yeddo's hand stayed his impetuosity.

"Welcome, noble Wong Yee," she said. "I am here to receive thee, not as Yeddo, but as the wife of Hing Lung. Thou canst not blame me; it was my father's choice."

"My love," murmured Wong Yee.

"Fate is cruel, fair Wong Yee," continued Yeddo, "yet the god of all that is good and true has heard my prayer and will give me my heart's desire."

"Wilt thou speak to me from the door of thy cage?" cried Wong Yee. "Come, leave thy prison and fly with me."

"Wong Yee, thou art displeased."

"No, sweet one; if thou sendest me away the joy of coming would drown the sorrow of parting." Wong Yee fell upon his knees.

"Rise," said Yeddo; "thou art my king and I thy unworthy queen. Love burns but to be smothered in vexation. Thou must depart. The hour draws near when my lord may return, and finding you here would seek to slay thee. Come again in the light of morrow's moon, for thus sayeth the god. He will not forsake us."

Wong Yee bowed and sadly left the room. As his footsteps died away Yeddo turned toward the window. At that instant a wild cry rang through the passage-way. Like a flash she realized that Wong Yee had been taken unawares by her husband. Perhaps ere this his life's blood was fast ebbing away. She sprang to the window and sought the balcony.

Immediately below her she saw the forms of two men, struggling like wild beasts in a jungle. As they wrestled together the street suddenly seemed to teem with people. The doors of the houses were thrown open and the men poured out into the street, while the women and children looked on from above. It was one sea of tumult, in the midst of which Hing Lung and Wong Yee battled together.

"Tis Hing Lung," some whispered.

"Tis a stranger's life he seeks," said others.

As the merchant flung Wong Yee from him, he snatched a knife from his side, and with a cry of rage raised it in the air. As it gleamed in the light the hand of the priest held it firm, and at the same moment a loud scream rang out above the uproar.

The people with one accord looked, and above them Yeddo threw up her hands in terror.

"Stay!" she cried.

Hing Lung recoiled in the strong clutch of the priest, and Wong Yee struggled to free himself from the hands of some friendly countrymen.

"What hast thou to say?" spoke up the priest in a loud voice. "Thy husband seeks blood."

Yeddo, with a low cry, sprang into the window, and returning in an instant, held against her bosom the form of the household god. As she raised it above her head there was a low murmur through the crowd. With a sudden motion she flung it to the street below, where it crashed on the stones and fell into bits with a deafening noise.

"Thus I break the tie which binds me to that dog, who says he is my lord. These many weeks he has cast me aside for the face of a white woman in yonder house, and I have been as true to him as the mother to her young. The man he assails is Wong Yee, the king of my—"

She sank on her knees and hid her face in her hands.

"Ye all have heard this woman," exclaimed the priest. "Whom shall we release to go to her bleeding heart?"

"Wong Yee!" came in a great shout from the motley crowd. And as Hing Lung fumed and wrangled in the hold of the officers, Wong Yee sped through the passage-way, and a moment later appeared upon the balcony, where he gathered up the fainting form of Yeddo and drew her from the public gaze.

## Two Filipino Diplomats.

AGUINALDO'S REPRESENTATIVES SENT FROM THE PHILIPPINES TO JOIN AGONCILLO AND PLEAD THE CAUSE OF THE INSURGENTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 28th, 1899.—General E. Riega de Dios and M. Rivera, diplomatic representatives of Aguinaldo's government in the Philippines, arrived in San Francisco some days ago, and are now on their way to Montreal to join Agoncillo, who is their chief. These two young Filipinos are members of the diplomatic corps sent out by Aguinaldo to obtain recognition of his government. They are intelligent, bright young fellows, Rivera very young and exceedingly clever, de Dios slower and handicapped by his ignorance of English, which Rivera speaks fluently and idiomatically. The



GENERAL E. RIEGA DE DIOS.

object of these young men is to convince Americans, and after them the leading nations of Europe, that the Filipinos at large are not savages and are perfectly capable of self-government under American protection.

The two diplomats reached San Francisco under somewhat adverse circumstances. They had been detached from Agoncillo's corps at Yokohama, ostensibly to transact some business with the Japanese government. When this was completed they went to Hong-Kong and there took steamer for America. It was during the voyage that hostilities broke out in the Philippines, and the diplomats were confronted with the disturbing news as soon as the pilot climbed aboard. The information that Agoncillo had gone to Canada was even more distressing. The two young men had intended to join Agoncillo in Washington, but when they found that he had changed his address they went to him in Montreal after remaining for a few days to see the sights of San Francisco.

Both of these young Filipinos are good looking, Rivera especially so. They are small, wiry, and in complexion not widely different from Japanese. They wear American clothes and conform to all the requirements of ordinary Anglo-Saxon society. Rivera was educated in Hong-Kong and has traveled, while the world is all new to de Dios. Both men are very genial and good-natured, and evidently intent on avoiding trouble. They did not accept as gospel truth the accounts of the fracas at Manila as published in the American papers, and were inclined to believe that the trouble must have been brought about by Spanish foes who are still full of deadly hatred for the Filipinos.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.



M. RIVERA.

## Origin of the Name of Dewey.

INTERESTING TRADITIONS RESPECTING THE FAMILY NAME OF THE AMERICAN HERO OF MANILA.

A "HERO of heroes" through long lines of heroic ancestry in Colonial and Revolutionary times, and a descendant of "kings by right divine," the indisputable right of lineal descent\* is Admiral George Dewey, whose splendid inheritance from past ages is augmented, even eclipsed, by his own vast achievements in the Orient. Fortune, which dowered the great naval commander so magnificently, has added the grace of legendary and

\* 1. Admiral George Dewey's descent is traced directly through Sir Thomas Lambert to Alfred the Great.

2. There were those of the name of Dewey in service of the country during the Colonial and French and Indian wars; and 135, in various capacities, during the Revolutionary War, sixty-six of whom were from Massachusetts.

3. Before the breaking out of the Revolutionary conflict they were "Signers of the League and Covenant," "Sons of Liberty," members of the "Committee of Safety," and early enrolled as "Minute Men." In one family were five brothers, four of whom were officers. H. D. I.

traditional lustre to his name, by revealing the quaint history of its origin—a history which is, in part, an undisputed family chronicle; and in part, mayhap, little less than a fanciful and idealized theory.

The first of these accounts deals with the fortunes of an ancient Feudal family in French Flanders, of the name of De la Wey, alias De Wey or Duee; a representative of which named William De la Wey, from Douai—a city in the province of Nord, France, which received its name from the family—accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and after the battle of Hastings, received from him manorial holdings in Lincolnshire. A few centuries later, descendants of this Flemish burgher are found in Kent, where one Simeon Duee—or Dewey, as the name in its Anglicized form was now written—received from James II., for merited services to the Crown, the baronetcy and lands appertaining to Stow Hall; and a coat-of-arms, the *fleur-de-lis* of which maintains the French origin of the house; while the Virgilian motto of the scroll—"Corona veniet delectis"—which has been borne by many a chivalrous scion in the line, fittingly epitomizes the glorious reward due the great American hero.

In this line, from the fertile plains of Sandwich, Kent, in 1630, came Thomas Dewey with Rev. John Warham and others, who sought in the New World the civil and ecclesiastical liberty denied them in the Old. He was first of the name in America; an independent, fearless pioneer, like his renowned Flemish ancestor who braved the discomforts and perils of foreign lands, of battle, of struggles in untrodden fields, that he might carve out for himself and those who should come after him a broad and grand highway in the cause of humanity and truth. Of the brave soldier of the Middle Ages, and the patriot colonist of New England, Admiral Dewey is representative, outranking both with achievements which will make his name and fame dear to his country while that country's annals shall endure.

The other theory—tradition more properly—goes back to a still earlier era, and asserts that the family is of Saxon origin, and descended from one of the ancient septs or clans of Wales; the name being derived, primarily, from Archbishop Dewi—or St. David—the patron saint of Wales. In support of this, the orthography, among other things, is cited; the Saxon *ii* in Dewi, or Dewii, being interchangeable with the *ey* in the Anglicized Dewey. Dewi, it has been said, is a corruption of David, and the national appellation only of the saint; but it obtains that it is the cognomen by which that great prelate of the British church is known in history, the title of St. David being given him when canonized, several centuries after his lamented death.

Dr. Orville Dewey, the Unitarian divine and author, nearly a century ago consulted Welsh historiographers in regard to the validity of this tradition; and in confirmation of his belief in its authenticity—which is explicitly stated in his autobiography—named his ancestral home in Sheffield, Massachusetts, by the name by which it has for more than a generation been known to his friends and the world—"St. Davids." No more magnificent figure can be found in all history than that of St. David. He was of princely origin, of great personal beauty, dignity of manner, eloquence, learning, and persuasive zeal; all which, illuminated by unostentatious charity, made him the idol of the people, and his fame the glory of the nation. He founded numerous monasteries in Britain, chief of which was at Menevia, on the western coast of Wales, which is now the site of the imposing cathedral, named in his honor, in which his remains repose, and which has been greatly enriched by the princely offerings of royal pilgrims to the shrine of the founder; "Ty Dewi," or "House of David," being the most sacred spot in the kingdom to all true Welshmen. He died in 601, and was canonized by Pope Calixtus in 1121; but his influence in the religious, musical, and literary life of the nation is still felt.

Whatever ground this tradition may have—and it will be conceded that the investigations and scholarship of the learned divine are entitled to consideration—it has a certain foundation which has secured its survival for centuries, and which gives to the name—already made illustrious by the "Hero of Manila"—a rare and unique significance from this famous personality of a distant era—the hero and patron saint of Wales.

H. D. I.

## A Leaf of Shamrock.

WHEN Erin's sons go marching down the street, and fair ones lean from balconies, with glowing cheeks, to hail the flag of green; When "Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" the band inspired plays,

And thrills, as e'er it thrilled of old, these hearts of later days, A gray-haired man of business stands and watches them go by. He has no Irish blood to course, no Irish heart to sigh. The while he loves his native land—from south to northern bay—He wears a leaf of shamrock green on each St. Patrick's Day.

No one who bears his name has e'er on Irish sod been born; The scars of Yorktown, Bunker Hill, his sires old have worn, And every one prefixed his name—a good old Holland plan—No matter what that name might be, with either Von or Van; But years ago this Yankee true had won him for a wife A maid from sweet Killarney's vales, who through the storm and strife

Has been his hope, his comforter; and homage due to pay He wears a leaf of shamrock green on each St. Patrick's Day.

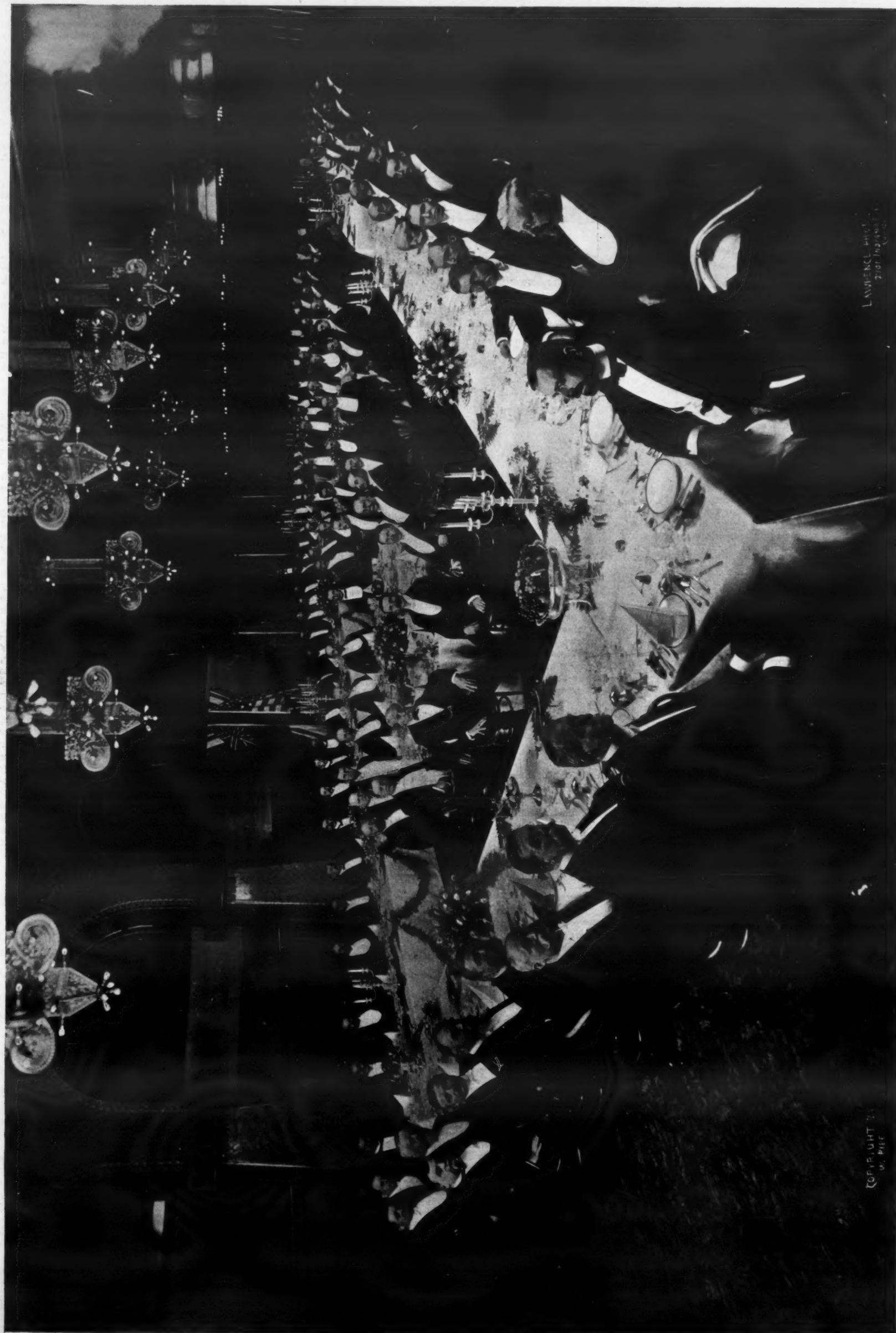
Beneath that flag of green his wife had grown to womanhood—That not a stain was on its folds, what other proof as good? And she had given up so much when as his wife she came, A loving heart, a trusting soul, an honored Irish name! So when the sons of Erin march with firm and martial tread, You'll note a man of business stand with gray, uncovered head—The fullest meed of Yankee love an Irish heart to pay, He wears a leaf of shamrock green on each St. Patrick's Day.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

## See What Ten Cents Will Do!

"How," is the title of a well-printed little book of 165 pages, the greatest book of its character of the year. It tells you how to do 150 different things of interest to men, women and children, and will be sent to any one who will cut out this notice from *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and forward it, with ten cents in stamps or currency, to the Arkell Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. "How" is full of just the kind of information that every person wants.





THE NOTABLE BANQUET IN HONOR OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, AT THE CHICAGO AUDITORIUM, FEBRUARY 18th.

AT THIS BANQUET, TENDERED BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO, LORD BERESFORD, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE UNITED STATES, DISCUSSED HIS PROPOSED OPEN-DOOR POLICY IN CHINA.—THIS REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT IS THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF A NOTABLE CLUB OF CHICAGO MILLIONAIRES.—COPYRIGHT 1899, BY WILLIAM FINE.

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LAWRENCE PHOTO  
21st January 1900





NATIVE BAMBOO HOUSES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANILA, NOT FAR FROM MALATE, WHERE SOME OF THE RECENT FIGHTING OCCURRED.



THE VILLAGE OF OLAS PINAS, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANILA.



NATIVE MILK-PEDDLERS NEAR ELMETA, RETURNING FROM THE CITY.



CHARACTERISTIC SCENE NEAR OLAS PINAS—FILIPINO GIRL IN FOREGROUND SMOKING A CIGAR.



NATIVE RESTAURANT ON REAL STREET, AT ELMETA, A FASHIONABLE SUBURB OF MANILA.

# IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA.

LIFE AMONG THE FILIPINOS AS IT IS AT THE PRESENT TIME.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

THE NOTABLE BANQUET IN HONOR OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, AT THE CHICAGO AUDITORIUM, FEBRUARY 18th.  
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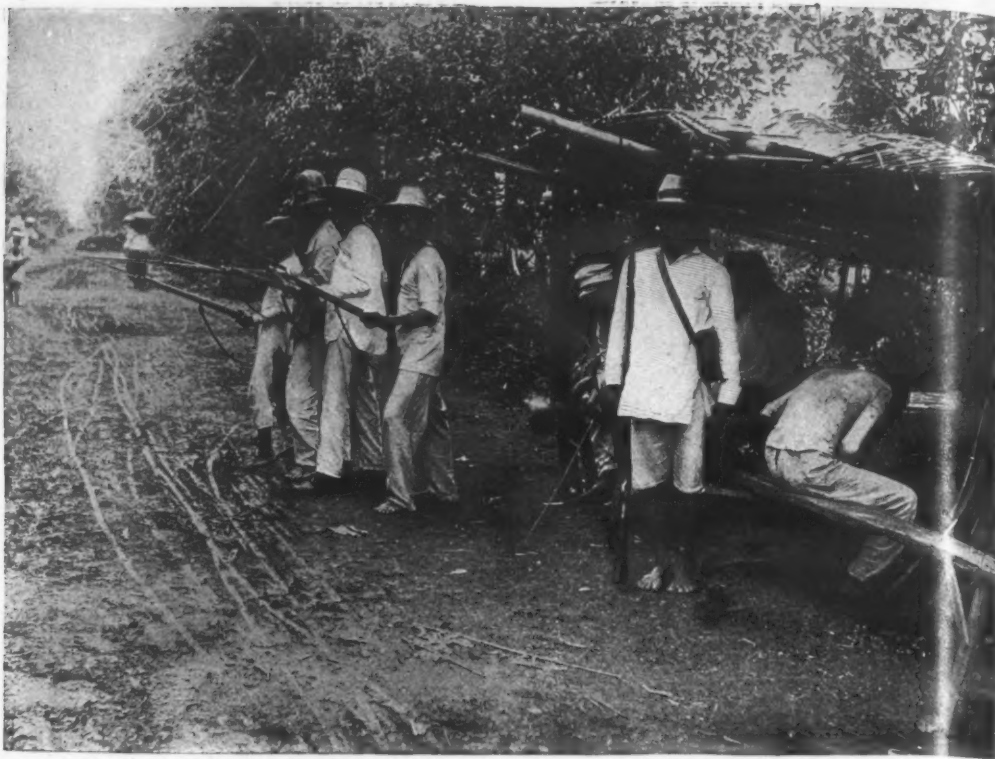
DRAW-BRIDGE AND GATE OF THE WALLED CITY OF MANILA, WITH AMERICAN SENTRY IN THE FOREGROUND.



OLD SPANISH TRENCHES NEAR THE WALLED CITY OF MANILA.



OLD CANNON OWNED BY THE INSURGENTS AND PLANTED IN THE VILLAGE OF LACALI, JUST OUTSIDE OF MANILA.



FILIPINO INSURGENTS ON THE SANTA ANA ROAD IN WARLIKE ATTITUDE.



OLD SPANISH BARRICADE ACROSS REAL STREET, MANILA.

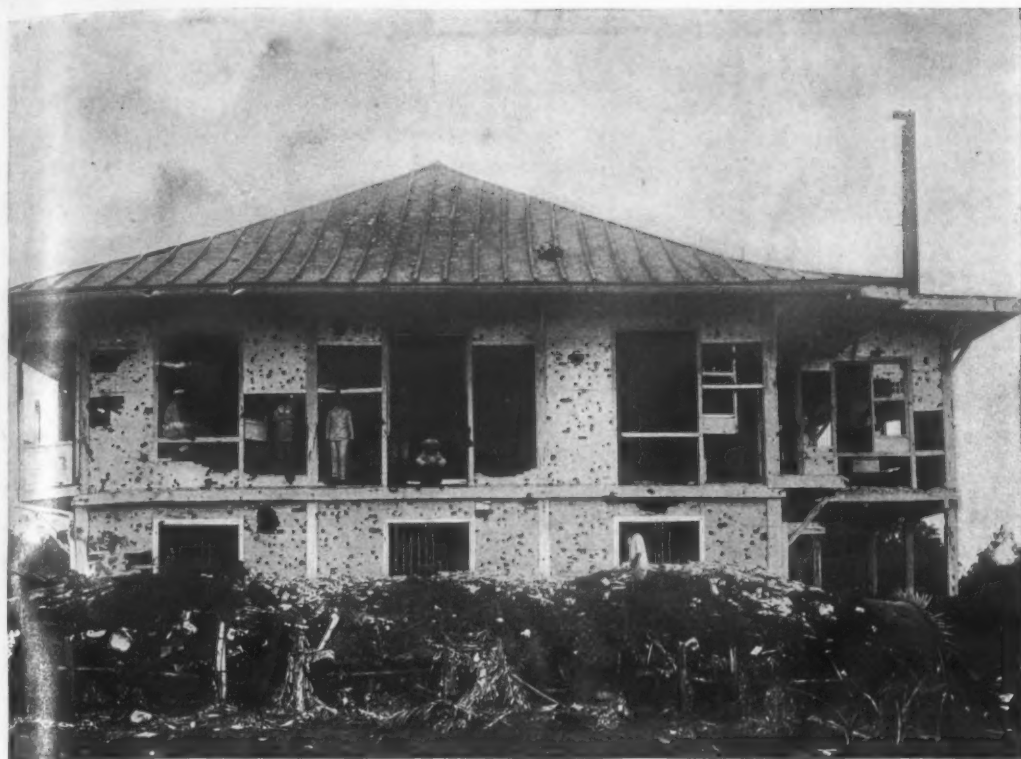


VIEW OF THE TOP OF FORT MALATE, AFTER THE SURRENDER OF MANILA BY THE SPANISH.

## THE DEFENSES OF M

PHOTOGRAPHS, PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WHICH REVEAL THE CHARACTER OF THE FORTIFICATIONS UPON WHICH

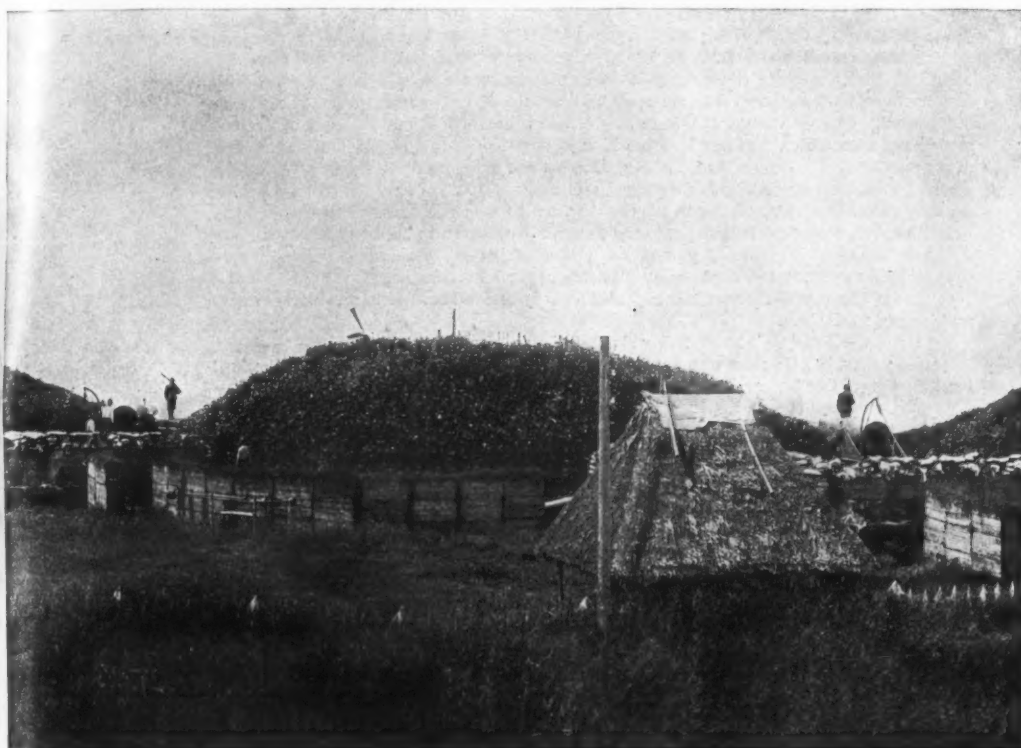




SPANISH CONVENT IN ELMETA, RIDDLED BY SHOT AND BULLETS FROM THE SPANISH GUN-BOAT "CALLAO," AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE AMERICANS.



SPANISH TRENCHES NEAR PACO.



FORT LUNETTA, SHOWING THE TWO TWELVE-INCH KRUPP GUNS ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN MOUNTED BY THE GERMANS FOR THE SPANIARDS.



BARBED-WIRE FENCES SURROUNDING THE ENTRANCE TO FORT LUNETTA.

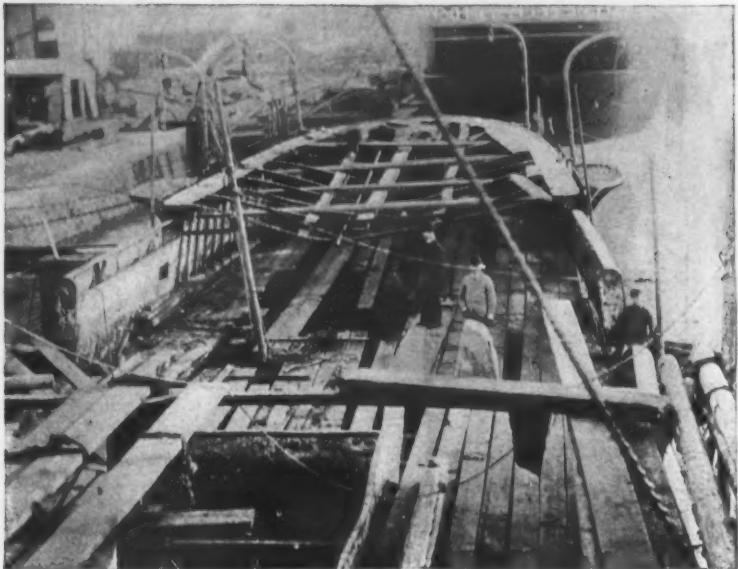


SPANISH DEFENSES, MADE OF BAGS OF SAND, NEAR DEL MONTE.

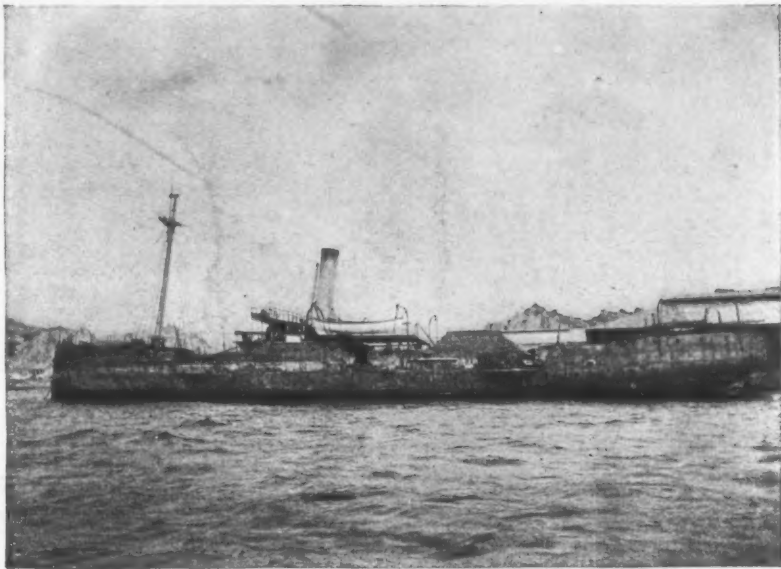


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SPANISH TRENCHES NEAR PACO.





LIEUTENANT HOBSON INSPECTING THE WORK OF REPAIRING THE FORMER SPANISH GUN-BOAT "ISLA DE CUBA," CAPTURED BY DEWEY AT MANILA.



THE "DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA," FORMERLY OF THE SPANISH FLEET, NOW BEING REPAIRED AT HONG-KONG UNDER HOBSON'S DIRECTION.

### Hobson at Hong-Kong.

HE INSPECTS THE PRIZES THAT DEWEY CAPTURED FROM THE SPANISH NAVY—THREE STANCH LITTLE WAR-VESSELS TO BE ADDED TO OUR FLEET.

(From Our Special Correspondent, the Hon. Edwin Wildman.)

HONG-KONG, January 29th, 1899.—Lieutenant Hobson, hero of the *Merrimac*, has just inspected for the first time the *Don Juan de Austria*, the *Isla de Cuba*, and the *Isla de Luzon*, the Spanish war-vessels which Dewey sunk, and which are now lying at the docks at Kowloon, Hong-Kong harbor. Lieutenant Hobson's arrival in Hong-Kong was a refreshing variation to him of his exhausting, though triumphal, tour across the continent. A few scattering press cables told us that he was *en route*, but no word from him intimated his willingness to sit down and partake of the proverbial fatted calf upon his arrival. Our ex-minister to Siam, Hon. John Barrett, found Lieutenant Hobson struggling with China "pidgin" at the Hong-Kong Hotel, in the act of being turned away for lack of accommodation. Mr. Barrett lost no time in informing the consul-general, and, soon forgetting his confused and inhospitable landing, Mr. Hobson became a guest at the consulate. Later in the evening, for he was not suffered to enjoy *incognito* long, Mr. Hobson was brought to the German ball, given in honor of the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. My first knowledge of his presence came through eaves-dropping, if such may be called the overhearing of random remarks.

"I say, Lieutenant Hobson is here," said a newly-arrived fusilier to an elderly matron on his arm, at the ball.

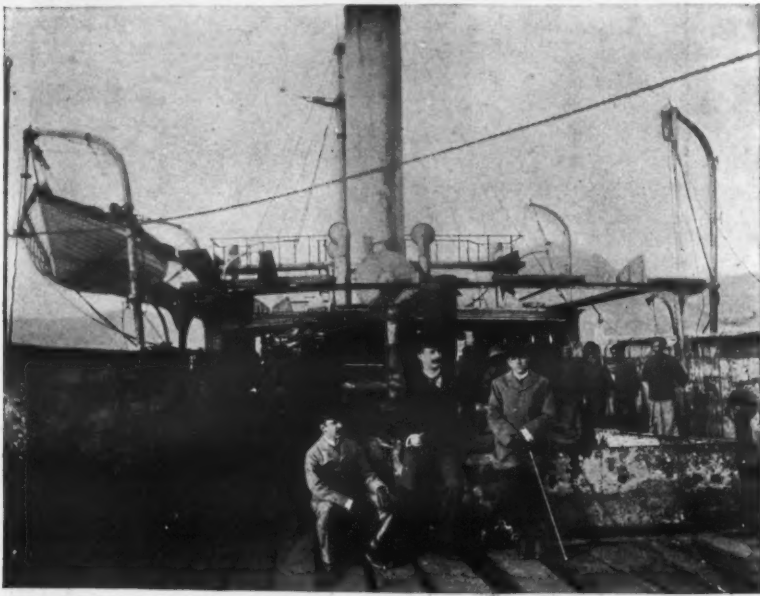
"Hobson—Hobson—is he a fusilier?" asked the matron.

"No; why, he's the man who sunk the *Merrimac* in Manila Bay," answered the fusilier, slightly confused, though not entirely misinformed.

"Ah," was the laconic response.

Lieutenant Hobson's fame spread, nevertheless, and he soon became the object of many covert glances.

(Continued on page 234.)



LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S FIRST VISIT TO THE WRECKS OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT HONG-KONG—CONSUL-GENERAL WILDMAN AT HIS LEFT. Taken specially for *Leslie's Weekly*.



THE REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA—VIEW OF CALABOZO, WHERE THE REBELS WERE DEFEATED.



GENERAL RAMON GUERRA THE LEADER OF THE REVOLUTION.



GENERAL ANTONIO FERNANDEZ, COMMANDER IN-CHIEF OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES.

### Venezuela's Cowboy Revolution.

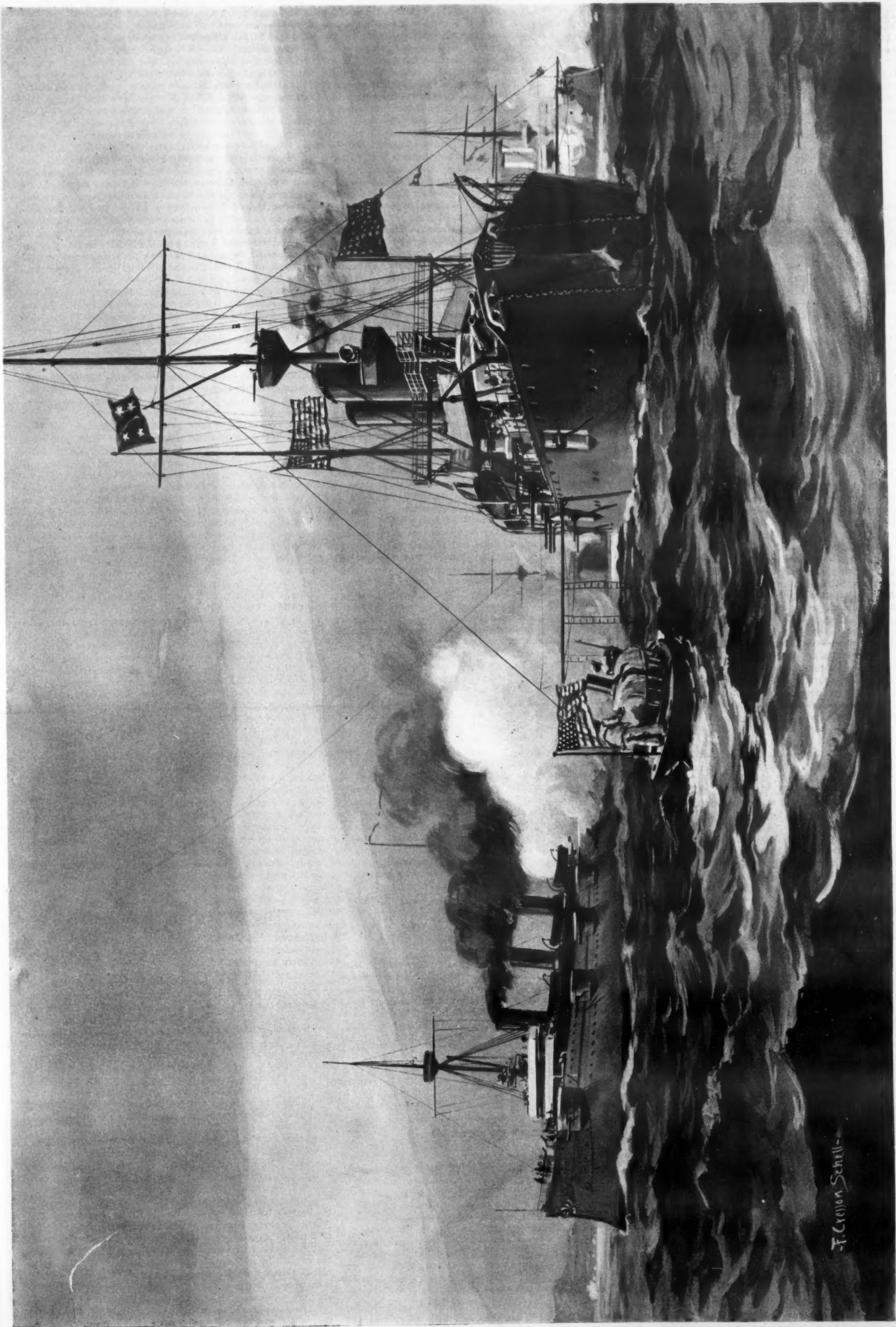
THE WIDOW OF THE LATE PRESIDENT SAID TO BE SUPPLYING MONEY TO THE REBELS AGAINST THE CONSTITUTED GOVERNMENT.

DURING the eighty-nine years of Venezuelan independence it has enjoyed forty-four revolutions, or one every two years. The latest is headed by General Ramon Guerra, who has declared himself in open rebellion against the government of General Ignacio Andrade. Guerra's army consists of 3,000 men, mostly cowboys, from Guarico, to the governorship of which Guerra was recently appointed by Andrade. The rebel leader is said to be acting with the brother and widow of the late President Crespo, and the widow, it is understood, is furnishing the money to support the revolution. The recent marriage of a son of the rebel chief to the eldest daughter of the

late President Crespo has strengthened the ties between the insurgents and the dissatisfied Crespo party.

Calabozo, the capital of the new State of Guarico, situated on the vast plain south of the mountain range separating Caracas from the Orinoco country, was the stronghold of the rebels until it was captured by the government forces recently. It has a population of 10,000, and is a strong strategical point. Here General Guerra awaited the onslaught of the government forces under the leadership of General Antonio Fernandez, with 10,000 men. The people of Venezuela, for the most part, are opposed to the revolution, because of their unpleasant memories of Crespo's dictatorship, and among the leading merchants of the country, including a majority of the Germans, who are the most important commercial foreign element in Venezuela, a tendency is manifested to look to the United States as the one nation that can step in and give to Venezuela a safe government.





ADMIRAL DEWEY'S PROUD DAY.

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 4TH, DEWEY RAISED HIS NEW FLAG AS ADMIRAL, ON THE "OLYMPIA," IN MANILA HARBOR. IT WAS SALUTED BY ALL THE SHIPS IN THE BAY, INCLUDING THE BRITISH CRUISER "NARCISSUS" AND THE GERMAN FLAG-SHIP "KAISERIN AUGUSTA."



## A Noted Artist Gone.

DEATH OF MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, WHOSE PATHETICALLY HUMOROUS CARTOONS OF SLUM CHILDREN MADE THE WORLD BOTH LAUGH AND CRY.

MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, the well-known artist, whose work was both unique and original, died at the home of his sister in New York, March 5th. While Mr. Woolf's pen-and-ink vignettes of low life have become a permanent, abiding joy in the journals of the country, and their fame is growing abroad, little has been said of the author. He had hidden himself behind the pictures where pain is touched with humor, and joy is sometimes pathetic. He apologized to interviewers for having nothing to say. He very amiably requested not to be asked to talk about himself.

His friends alone know him. He had many kinds—so odd an assortment, indeed, that introductions among many of them would be out of the question; like most of us, he had the usual train of conventional friends, some richer, some poorer, and of various callings, but he also fraternized with newsboys who watched for his coming, with liquid-eyed Italians who polished his boots, with vendors, even prisoners—none were "beyond the pale" with him; none too bad or too hopeless for a share of his sympathy and help. But then no one could get as near the tragic truth of life as Mr. Woolf did in his sketches unless he knew the poor face to face, had looked on starvation, and heard in memory the minor murmurs of incomplete existences.

Conspicuous work has been done in black and white by men who have found their inspiration in the salon, the opera-box, around the roses and candles of a dinner-table. They have shown in a line the proper cadence of a petticoat, the angle of a hat, the intricacies of a coiffure, displaying a brilliant knowledge of something which is no exact science, but a mystery even to its devotees. Others have gone at society with a whip, as social satirists, making jest of fashionable punctilio.

Mr. Woolf was not one of these, great as they all may be. He cut deeper. He summoned a laugh ending in a sigh, for he bared sorenesses, sordidities, injustices. His world was remote from the salon. He has revelled in eccentric character studies, and cosmopolitan types of misery have intensified under his pen, but his work is at its best when he portrays the hardships of poor children. The wretched mite with hollow eyes and grotesquely tattered footwear, sorrowing during the holidays of the happy, and who would grow shy in the unaccustomed presence of a flower, he has touched with incomparable pathos.

He was a bachelor, somewhat over fifty. One might suppose from this he was old. On the contrary, he was the most juvenile of the crowd of youngsters of both sexes who filled his studio. This workshop is a queer little room, tucked away in a tall building in the shopping centre. The neighborhood is decidedly out of touch with art in any sense. It reeks of a multiplicity of feminine decorative requirements in shop-windows, of bargains, and the turmoil pertaining thereto. But his inspiration needed no scaffolding on which to support itself. He was indifferent to the fact that on the floor beneath a beauty-doctor advertised correctives for facial blemishes, and that an astrologer, who satisfied feminine curiosity regarding all coming events, operated over his head. Unconcerned by what would be unbecoming to most artistic temperaments, Mr. Woolf shut his door and found the space within his own four walls untainted by commerce or coarse practicality. His Art awaited him there with shining eyes. He concentrated his attention upon her, and all else was forgotten.

The accompanying scrap from his memory-book will show his work in its embryonic stage—a humorous legend almost in hieroglyphics, and a rough sketch incomprehensible save to himself. There are some curious features of his independence. Unlike many of his craft, he never made a picture around another's idea. His legends were thought out at night and were purely original. He used no model. The beggars, immigrants, street waifs, criminals, which have done more than a thousand sermons to rouse the apathetic to a consciousness of the suffering just beyond their line of vision, and which are evolved under the sure and patient strokes of his pen, sprang into life from his store of memories, a horde of varied types, marvelously true.

One was fortunate to find him in his queer room, crowded with casts from the antique, copies of the old masters, as well as a collection of the most flamboyant posters. "Art," he said, motioning to the head of a faun, "in calm, inspired mood. Art," he continued, jerking a thumb at a lean-armed poster-girl with a purple rose against her gaunt cheek, "in a very bad tantrum indeed." He was always willing to lay down his pen and chat with a friend, and there was no more interesting half-hour to be had. One easily sees that his work was an expression of himself, for he held in his own personality the perfection of comedy and tragedy. He was in turn buffoon and philosopher, a man whose frequent jest was broadly comic, or whose sadness and disdainful pessimism for this imperfect world could send one from him in a little revolt that earth holds so much pain.

In appearance he was both scholarly and artistic, of good height and imposing, but the predominant note was his picturesqueness. In a working blouse of brown jean, marked by ink-splashes as a map is marked by rivers, and with a velvet beret tip-tilted above thick, gray hair, he strongly suggested Dumas fils. When his eyes did not scintillate with a *diablerie* reminiscent of what we have heard of the poet Scarron—a humor which neither age nor affliction could chasten—they were deeply kind and heavy with resignation. He was satirist, jester, dreamer, and enthusiast in the course of an ordinary conversation.

"I try to teach a lesson," he was once induced to say, reluctantly. "My work generally appears in 'funny' papers, but it is human misery, the ache at the heart of things, nevertheless. It is not less real because I wrap it up in harlequin guise, and make it jingle its cap and bells. This is simply a matter of temperament with me. I've lived through much myself, and I've learned the comfort of laughing at despair. Try to regard life as rather a poor practical joker. If you really let yourself see how terrible he is, you'll die of the knowledge."

This experience, which made a philosopher of him, had been gained in different ways, from the exercise of two talents. Twenty years ago he was an actor, "chumming it" with Jefferson, E. L. Davenport, Le Moyné, and others as famous. Barn-

storming and traveling were hard in those days, but art was better. Mr. Woolf often read Shakespeare to forget that salaries were likely to remain unpaid, and he was hungry. He quitted the stage and went to study in Munich and Paris, intending to be a painter. There he ran the whole gamut of artistic striving, disappointment, success, reckless artistic prosperity, and its consequent beggary. He painted one picture twelve years ago which received special honors at the Academy here. Even then it was the seamy side of life which attracted him, for the theme is a realistic poor crowd in a miserable by-way, clustered around a ragged boy, who is holding the rapt attention of all by his description of some street accident. It was called "How It Happened." This was sold, eventually, but Mr. Woolf had no private income on which to rest while he awaited further tardy favors from fortune. In consequence he forsook the brush for the more lucrative pen. The yearnings of the colorist racked him, however, and he had not deserted his old passion in intention. He was planning next summer in Holland, where he intended to paint a canvas likely to make a poignant impression. The theme of this, too, was in shadow; the scene a prison cell.

Though Gallic in appearance and manner, Mr. Woolf was born in London and left it in babyhood, before he could recognize it as the delight of his eyes. His tastes were emphatically English—London his Mecca, Shakespeare his Bible. To return and live in the modern Babylon had been his intense wish for years, but the affections of a large family of brothers and sisters had been like tendrils, chaining him here, except for occasional visits abroad. One of these brothers is "Ben" Woolf, author of "The Almighty Dollar," which made Florence rich, and now musical critic of the Boston Herald. Others are professors and scientists. The variety of talents in the family was inherited from a father gifted in music, acting, poetry and painting, who has left behind him an unfinished symphony just falling short of greatness.

Despite the fact that Mr. Woolf had found his great field among the poor, that he sought them in the slums, walked among them as a benign observer, assimilating their misery into brain cells from which it reappeared when his imagination sympathetically demanded it, he was nothing of a socialist. Misquoted as a caricaturist, he portrayed the dreary humors of earth's miseries, resented these conditions, relieved them when he could, but saw no way for their lasting redress. "Poverty is as venerable as earth; it is the old, old pain," he said. "If it can be wiped out in future centuries it will be by methods we are too undeveloped to understand now. Heretofore, when the burden has grown too heavy, and the contemplation of contrasting luxury too maddening, we have had revolutions. Yes, and we'll have them again. But how pitiable, how impotent are these uprisings, with their shuddering histories. Revolution seems to me like a thrilling overture to a grand and terrible drama; the curtain rises, the play is played, but—the curtain must fall again." A half-completed sketch rested under his hand as he spoke. It showed two street-waifs in lugubrious tatters, one very black in ink, the other vaguely outlined in pencil; underneath ran the scrawled legend:

"Nelly, what's the difference between winter and spring?"  
"I guess it's that in winter you got to sleep in doorways, and in spring you kin lay in the gutter or find a fruit-stand."

Bits like this steal into homes where happy children laugh, the poor are remembered where otherwise they would be forgotten, and letters frequently reached Mr. Woolf, in care of various papers, containing money to be used in charity. "This is good. This is kind," he would say as he read such a message, a new softness in his face. "I know just the poor little beggar that will help."

Often he left his studio with a pot of flowers for some weakling of the tenements, the price of a new pair of little shoes in his pocket, or with ideas of the gladdening properties of currant-jelly in his mind. His own pocket was taxed by the poor who sought him out, and who never left his threshold unrelieved. During the summer he prepared his Christmas sketches of children who have no Santa Claus, and in winter those to be used in the dog-days by promoters of the fresh-air charity. So his life went, blamelessly, unselfishly, divided between his friends and his tenderly human art. What could be better?

KATE JORDAN.

## Hobson at Hong-Kong.

(Continued from page 232.)

"But he hasn't his uniform on," was another remark that greeted my ear; for the English never quite grasp our democratic ideas of simplicity, and the criticism is one that has been leveled at more than one of our army and navy officers upon social occasions out here. The paragraph below is the only mention that appeared in print of Hobson's arrival in Hong-Kong, and vividly illustrates the contrast of English and American ideas of journalism:

Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame, arrived yesterday by the American mail steamer *Gaelic*. Lieutenant Hobson is to remain in Hong-Kong to superintend the reconstruction of the Spanish cruisers now in the hands of the Dock Company.

A poet, however, rose to the occasion subsequently, and was inspired to the following in honor of the occasion:

### THE MAN WHO WAS KISSED.

Lieutenant Hobson of *Merrimac* fame,  
The great oculator, long life to the same,  
Has arrived in Hong-Kong, and the ladies all smile,  
And imagine he'll kiss every one in the isle.  
All the husbands are mad and the parents perplexed,  
And the young lovers looking confoundedly vexed;  
Poor Hobson, whose lips are worn down to the gums,  
Sits alone in his hotel and mournfully strums:

### THE LAMENT OF HOBSON.

When they set me my task to do  
I did it as well as I could;  
If again they asked me to put it through,  
I really believe that I should.  
I didn't object to being blown up,  
Or shot, or drowned, one bit;  
But I do object to the fuss they make  
Because a man shows he's grit.

Yesterday Lieutenant Hobson visited the Spanish wrecks, and expressed himself as much pleased with the prospects of having three such effective little war-ships added to our navy. To the untrained eye the rust and barnacle covered hulks look

more like scrap-heaps of bent, twisted and warped iron, but "I am used to such sights and smells," Hobson remarked, "and you won't know them when we get through with them."

Before Dewey's guns submerged and disfigured the *Isla de Luzon* and her sister ship, the *Isla de Cuba*, they were capable of sixteen knots an hour. They are equipped with horizontal, triple-expansion, twin-screw engines, and are of about 1,100 tons displacement; are belted, and have protected armored decks. When they were deserted at Cavité the Filipinos plundered all the movable articles and brass work, and as Camara's fleet was expected, Admiral Dewey ordered them burned, after taking off the big guns. The Spaniards scuttled them in about three fathoms of water, which covered the top of the funnel-casing, but, not being on an even keel, the sterns only were covered, the bows being above water. Five months left to the tender mercies of the elements, though doing little actual damage, gives them the appearance of huge masses of old iron. No great difficulties, however, were met in raising the wrecks, the divers plugging up the holes, and from pumps on a lighter they were soon cleared of water and set afloat. Two skeletons were found in the *Luzon*, but otherwise no bodies were discovered. The only shot-mark that appears on any of the three ships below the upper works is from a projectile that carried away one of the guns of the *Luzon* and struck the conning tower. The magazines are all full of ammunition, which has not yet been removed.

It was something of a hazardous undertaking to bring them across the China Sea from Manila against a heavy monsoon and under their own steam; but it was accomplished in five days with no especial incident save a break-down of one of the engines on the *Cuba*, which delayed that ship somewhat longer than the others. The *Don Juan de Austria* is 200 tons larger than the *Cuba* or the *Luzon*, and her appearance is more formidable. When refitted and armored under Lieutenant Hobson's experienced eye, Uncle Sam will have three natty and effective little coast and river cruisers for his possessions in Asiatic waters.

Lieutenant Hobson has very favorably impressed the Englishmen in this colony with his Americanism. At a dinner given at the American consulate this week in his honor, rather a dramatic episode occurred, in which the hero of the *Merrimac* was the central figure. Around the board were assembled the representative English colonial officials, and in the course of the evening talk of the Anglo-Saxon alliance waxed warm, as it is wont to do nowadays when the two nations are represented. Lieutenant Hobson had responded in fitting words to a toast upon the agreeable subject, expressing the warm feelings his countrymen, as well as himself, entertained for their cousins across the seas. Other speeches had been made, and it was apparent that the occasion was one that added to many others toward cementing the bonds of the family alliance. There was present a prominent and brilliant American, a representative of the commercial world of America. He was called upon for a speech, the supposedly last one of the evening, as the hours were waning. He arose and spoke of the "late unpleasantness" with Spain, and in his remarks made bold to assert that the hardest document any President was ever called upon to promulgate was the paper justifying a war with Spain, as the fire of American acquisition of Cuba had long been smoldering in our envious breast.

The speech was undoubtedly well meant and well put, but it made the Englishmen turn one to the other with an "I-told-you-so" look that lent a new aspect to the situation. Hardly had the speaker's words ceased when Hobson arose and begged the gentlemen's indulgence. In thrilling and convincing words, burning with patriotism and sincerity, he pointed out the causes of war and the broad and humanitarian course that the President had been forced upon by the voice of the people and the deep-rooted sincerity of his own conscience. It was a speech that drove the doubt from the mind and dispelled the smile from the face of every Englishman present, and saved the situation; and, as the party broke up, every American present and, be it said to his credit, the misguided speaker who preceded him, grasped the hand of the *Merrimac*'s hero once more in token of real appreciation. The American public may rest assured that the hero whose praises they have sung will sustain his reputation here.

## The Situation in Manila.

A MEMBER OF THE ASTOR BATTERY EXPLAINS THE RELATIVE LOCATION OF PLACES OF INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE FILIPINO OUTBREAK.

RECENT events in and around Manila have demonstrated "that Manila is to all intents and purposes the Philippines," in exactly the same sense that "Paris is France." Practically all the forces of the rebels under Aguinaldo, and the American troops, are operating within a radius of nine miles from the city proper. The profile of this tract is fan-shaped, the rebels being intrenched along the outer edge of the fan; while our troops, with Manila for a base, operate from the centre along the ribs. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities the encircling lines of the Filipino forces were drawn much closer than they are now, but the hammering of bullet and bayonet and butt they got from the sturdy Western regiments has taught them to keep at a safer distance.

Aguinaldo, who has probably about 30,000 men, armed in more or less modern fashion, is posted with the bulk of them to the south of the old city, and, curiously enough, he and his banditti are using the trenches made by the American troops when Generals Anderson, Greene, and McArthur were besieging the Spaniards; while, as a sort of *quid pro quo*, our men are using the Spanish trenches. Posted thus in the cane-brakes which practically cover the country south and west from the suburbs of Manila, the rebels are within a mile or two of the American outposts, and it is this propinquity of the opposing forces that has resulted in the continual firing at our picket-line by Aguinaldo's so-called sharpshooters. Fortunately for the North Dakota troops, who face them just outside Elmeta, the rebels are more persevering than accurate in their shooting. Elmeta is the well residential suburb of the old walled city of Manila—that is, that part of Manila south of the Pasig River. Between Elmeta and the walls is the Lunetta, the fashionable promenade and driveway, where the señores and señoritas spend the cool



hours of the evening in seeing and being seen, and watching nightly the magnificent tropical sunset.

Since the American occupation this grand sweep of promenade has witnessed nightly a curious scene. "Retreat" sounds every day at half-past five o'clock. It is a signal for all of our men forming the defense at that section of the lines to leave their barracks—formerly used by the Spanish forces—for a stroll along the Lunetta. Western volunteers in their rough campaigning uniforms mingle with the gayly-dressed natives and Spaniards. Rough, blue-shirted men rub sleeves with the always immaculately-dressed Spanish officers; and wherever a head towers above the moving throng it is pretty sure to be crowned by a more or less dilapidated slouch-hat. American military bands, such as the Californians or the Colorados, play each night in their turn, and Filipino and Spaniard alike are learning to appreciate the classic beauties of "Yankee Doodle" or "There'll Be a Hot Time."

The city end of the Lunetta promenade touches the outer edge of the moat which surrounds the more ancient city of Manila. This trench is fully fifty feet wide, and from the inner side spring the walls, which are bound to be the most enduring monuments of the now departed Spanish occupation. These walls are thirty-five feet high, built of a grayish stone resembling granite. Their average thickness is about eighteen feet, but almost the entire circuit is hollowed out for casemates, magazines, and of course a few cells for prisoners. To the north, and dividing the old walled city from the new, known as Tondo, is the Pasig River, which, running almost due west, empties into Manila Bay, between two long moles, or piers. On both sides of the river, near the mouth, but mainly on the Tondo side, are several fine stone docks and wharves. The credit for these and other evidences of up-to-date civilization is fairly due to the foreign mercantile element. Facing Tondo to the north and northeastward are the rebel positions of Malabon and Calocan. It was the latter village that the Nebraska regiment recently carried by assault and partially burned.

How close the rebels were to the city when the troubles with our forces began, and, indeed, are now, is shown by the fact that much of the fighting and skirmishing have centered around the water-works, which are less than six miles from the city proper. It was but recently that the Filipinos made a determined effort to recapture these water-works. In the hands of an enterprising enemy their possession would entail the loss of our position in Manila. But both sides know their strategic value, and there is no possible chance of their being lost to us. Acting on an inner and central position, the American forces can readily strengthen their right wing north of the Pasig, or the left around Malate, Elmeta, and Paranaque, by means of the splendid old-fashioned stone bridge over the river, known as the "Bridge of Spain." The northern end of this bridge opens into the Escolta, the finest and about the only modern-looking business street in Tondo.

T. M. MCFARLANE,  
Astor Battery.

## Holidays in Havana.

THE FIRST AMERICAN HOLIDAY CELEBRATED ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—NO HOLIDAYS FOR THE TOILING MASSES.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

HAVANA, February 22d, 1899. — All the city is gay with bunting in honor of the first American holiday that has been observed on the island, and although it is not what a holiday in the United States would be, still it is thoroughly observed by the American population, which now has grown to the size where it is noticeable on the streets and in the cafés. A holiday does not mean as much to the people here as it does in our home cities, for business never ceases, and the same rattle of the carts on the streets goes on day and night, no matter whether it be a holiday or a Sunday, and the only noticeable difference is that the better class of people put on their best clothes and everybody hangs out bunting. The working-people are not given a chance to have a recreation and rest. A movement is on foot to pass a law that will compel all store-keepers to close on Sunday, to give their employes one day of rest.

The observance of Washington's Birthday was a very interesting affair, and the effect that such a demonstration has on the people is very good. There is far more respect shown the American flag on this island by all classes of people, under the present military government, than I ever saw in our own country, and when it is saluted as it has been to-day it helps that feeling of respect. At half-past eleven all the troops in the Department of Havana were drawn up on the Prado, the principal promenade of the city, and at high noon the batteries on old Cabanas thundered out the national salute and all the troops came to a "present," while all the regimental bands played the national air. As soon as the salute was fired the troops of the department were reviewed by General Brooke and General Ludlow, who took a position with their entire staffs immediately in front of the Central plaza. The regular soldiers are not making a very creditable showing in this city, as the department has not furnished them with proper uniforms. A campaign hat, blue shirt, and cotton duck trousers (dignified by the name of *kahki*) constitute the most perfect fighting costume that could be found, but when it comes to patrolling the capital city of a newly-occupied country, it would be much better if more attention was paid by the War Department to furnishing a proper uniform. When we first came to Havana nearly every man touched or raised his hat when he met an officer, showing the respect that all the inhabitants had for the army, this being drilled into them by the Spanish officers; but now that respect is fast disappearing, and there is a class that try to see how far they can go in the other direction, and it is no infrequent sight to see an officer elbowed off the narrow sidewalk, not by the Spaniards, but by the Cubans. Gratitude seems to be a word that is unknown to the Cuban dictionary.

Public schools are the only salvation for the island of Cuba, and it will be many years before they can bring about the standard of education required to make a people intelligent enough for self-control. Once in a while one will find a man in the United States who cannot sign his name, but in Cuba, among the lower class, not one in hundreds can do even that,

and very few can read or write, even in the common class of shop-keepers and general tradesmen. I watched the captains of the ships and schooners of this harbor taking the oath of allegiance to the United States the other day, and not one of all I saw could sign his name.

The ignorance of the island is not of the ordinary sort that means an ignorance of letters only, but it is deeper than that, and means an ignorance of cleanliness, of law, and of humanity, and it will be a hopeless task to do anything with the present generation. The only solution is to educate the rising generation. The narrow streets are overrun with children of all ages and colors. No effort has ever been made to give them any sort of education, and as this has gone on for hundreds of years, it is no wonder that the present state of affairs exists.

The church of the island being dependent upon the state for support, and being a part of the government, it only sought to please the government, which did not believe in educating the masses; and in consequence of this neglect, the church has lost a power that is stronger than any brought about by force or fear. The churches are never filled on Sundays as they are in the United States and in all other Christian countries. Up to the time that the American rule commenced, there were no Protestant churches in Havana, but since the surrender several have been started. If the missionary societies of the United States confine their entire attention to the island of Cuba for the next two years they will then just commence to see that it is not necessary to send their representatives to far-away Asia or Africa. There is as good a field nearer our own doors. Here is a field for every kind of work. When I was in Santiago, after the surrender, Miss Clara Barton told me of some of her labors in Havana before the war broke out, and at the time I thought I had a vague idea of the suffering and misery in this place, but there is no power of tongue or pen to give an idea of the real situation. I have seen many cases where a woman or a young girl is supporting a family by making linen trousers or coats at forty-five cents a dozen, and at that rate they can, by working long hours, make about twenty cents in a day, and with this they must pay their rental, their food and their clothes. The lack of humanity or the feeling of compassion for their fellow-countrymen, by the Cubans, is shown every day. When women and children are dying on every side the Cubans do not attempt relief, but only shrug their shoulders and wait for the Americans to do the work. There are some noble exceptions, and those have worked faithfully to relieve suffering, and are assisting the American authorities with all their power; but, unfortunately, there are very few of these.

JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

## Alaska's First Railroad.

(Continued from page 225.)

mantle of snow the sun shines long after the lower country is clothed in darkness. At Tunnel Bridge they gazed for miles down the long valley and saw the old trail winding along like a great snake down in the cañon. Small, dark objects toiled along it with almost imperceptible movement; these were the men and teams that were journeying northward in the old way—a weary pilgrimage that was in striking contrast to sitting in a comfortable car and viewing the stern scenery as if it were set up for the edification of passengers on the White Pass and Yukon route.

But their ease and comfort were bought at the cost of stupendous labor on the part of the engineers. At Tunnel Bridge the cliff round which the track had to pass was nearly perpendicular. Many thousands of tons of rock were blasted to hew out the road-bed, and then it was discovered that tunneling was necessary to avoid the avalanches. The work of laying the way for the trains into the fastnesses of these ice- and rock-ribbed mountains was hazardous as well as difficult. Men were swung on ropes over the steep sides of great cliffs, and they labored on trestles at dizzy heights. On the first trip the train passed through an excavation of snow that was twenty feet high on each side of the track. At the summit of White Pass a camp had been made, and here the hundred guests were entertained at dinner, while the stars and stripes and the union jack waved from flag-poles about fifty feet apart, and on either side of the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

J. H. W.

## Life Insurance—A New Policy.

MUCH interest is manifested in the new form of policy just issued by the New York Life. Some of its most interesting features are these: It is made incontestable from the date of its issue; cash loans can be obtained on the sole security of the policy, at any time, on demand, after the second year; a surrender value of extended insurance is given, commencing with the end of the first year, and paid-up insurance is granted in the second year. The contract is singularly business-like and free from technical and ambiguous language. A policy-holder may be reinstated within five years instead of within six months, and the policy is without conditions as to residence, occupation and travel, habits of life, or manner, time, or place of death. No permit or extra premium will be required for military or naval service, and payments can be made in installments instead of by one annual premium.

Some of these features are very original, and all of them are very attractive. I call attention to this matter because this policy perhaps best illustrates the difference between insurance in a safe old-line insurance company and insurance in an assessment association. A policy in the former gives to the policy-holder something in return for his money, no matter whether he lives or dies. A policy-holder in an assessment association gets nothing if he drops out while living, and if he survives to a good old age his assessments become so burdensome that he is unable to carry them. For this reason I have constantly insisted and still insist that the cheapest and safest insurance is in the old-line companies, like the Mutual Life, the Equitable, the New York Life, the Provident Savings Life Assurance, and others that I have mentioned in this column.

"N. N.," New York: The Security Trust, of Philadelphia, is not a large company. I would prefer a policy in one of the great New York companies.

"R. E. L.," Hinton, West Virginia: I should prefer the Provident

Savings Life Assurance Society, of New York. I cannot tell you what became of the expenditures of the Home Life. Their report is not in sufficient detail, as published, to give me the data.

"C. N. W.," New Albany, Indiana: I advise you to compare the policies of some of the greatest companies, like the Equitable, the Mutual Life, and the New York Life, with that offered you by the smaller concern you mention. It seems to me that you can do better and be safer with a larger company.

"G. C.," Brooklyn, New York: The National Life, of Hartford, is an assessment association, and last fall many of its dissatisfied policy-holders asked advice of Insurance Commissioner Betts, of Connecticut, in regard to resisting the demands of the association, but he found that it was not violating the terms of its contract with its policy-holders. I do not see how this concern can escape the fate of other assessment associations.

"L. B. L.," Tugent, Oregon: The association you refer to has the power, the same as all assessment associations, to levy extra assessments. I would not recommend any assessment association. Security and absolute safety can only be found, in my judgment, in the strongest, old-line companies. If you have read this column faithfully you have all the information you desire on the point you raise.

"H. C. N.," Memphis, Tennessee: I have said, and repeat, that the three New York companies you mention are the largest companies in the world in the insurance business, and that their standing, strength, and solidity are therefore unquestioned. Your words of commendation of the Equitable are fully justified, and the figures you give regarding its annual report have been given in this column. I think, however, there is little choice between the three great companies, the Equitable, the New York, and the Mutual Life. All give security and satisfactory returns.

"L. M. P.," Mount Vernon, New York, asks how the reserve on ordinary and industrial policies is computed. Every policy of life insurance is issued on the assumption that it must be paid, and a portion of each premium paid on it is set aside for its payment. If an endowment policy is payable at the end of ten years, a relatively higher premium must be charged, as a large percentage of the premiums is set aside to pay the policies of those who survive at the end of ten years. An ordinary life policy being payable only at death, the proportion of its premiums set aside as a reserve to meet the policy when it becomes payable is smaller. The insurance companies undertake to set aside a sort of sinking fund sufficient to meet the policy upon its maturity at the prevailing rate of interest. When an insurance company says that its reserve or sinking fund is computed at four per cent. it means that it expects to invest its sinking fund so that it will earn that rate of interest, and that this will be sufficient at maturity to meet the claim of the policy-holder. If the interest actually earned by the company is greater than the amount calculated, according to the reserve, the surplus is distributed among the policy-holders in the form of dividends on their policies. I might add that industrial insurance is only ordinary life insurance sold in small quantities on the installment plan, and that the reserve per \$1,000, under either an ordinary or industrial policy, is the same, and the methods of calculating this reserve identical.

*The Hermit.*

## Wall-Street Tips.

It is a singular fact that speculators have only recently begun to worry over the probability of much higher rates for money. Several situations and events have tended to favor the bears of late, and had the rates for money been sharply advanced, there would have been a quick scurrying of the bulls to cover, a sharp drop in prices, and possibly extensive liquidation. The continuance of our favorable balance of trade with foreign countries and of the prevailing low rates of interest and the plethora of money would be favorable to a further advance in stocks, but it is observed that the prices of many commodities are rising to such an extent that the export demand for them is imperiled. Meanwhile, the expenses of our government are rapidly increasing, and we are approaching the day when we must face a serious deficit in the Federal Treasury. This will mean either increased taxes or a new bond issue. Those who have a satisfactory profit would do well to take it when they can get it, and not to bank too much on the future, for, while some stocks, no doubt, will make a considerable advance, many others have reached the high-water mark for the time being, and perhaps for all time.

"R. B. L.," Boston: It is a bunco game.

"Jas B.," Peoria, Illinois: I would sell.

"R. S. J.," Newburg, New York: Take your profit.

"D.," Franklin, New Hampshire: Vermilye & Co., 27 State Street, Boston.

"Brokaw," Troy, New York: I do not deal with bucket-shop interests. Have no confidence in the claims of the concern you mention.

"A. H. K.," Rutland: There has been much manipulation in Continental Tobacco, and this has attracted large outside buying. Its value will depend upon the character of the combination which the tobacco trust is making. I would not sell at a loss.

"S. G.," Cambridge, Ohio: The so-called "co-operative plans of investment" are all of the same pattern. Their primary purpose is to make a profit out of the customer, and not to make a profit for the customer. Deal only with brokers of established reputation, and in the end you will remember my advice with gratitude.

"L. R. C.," Philadelphia: No man with only \$50 or \$100 should engage in speculation on Wall Street. I do not believe in the bucket-shop business. (2) The character of the circular you inclose is its best answer. It is gotten out to catch gudgeons. If this promoter has any such information as he pretends to have, he need not be soliciting customers. He can go into Wall Street and make a fortune in a day.

"E. G.," St. Louis: I have not changed my mind regarding Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific, Kansas and Texas, and Wabash preferred. On a decline they can be profitably purchased for an advance. (2) Delaware, Lackawanna and Western is an excellent investment, and should sell higher. (3) St. Paul is not dear, if we judge of its value by its earnings. (4) I prefer Rubber or Lead common to Leather common.

"P. P.," Baltimore, Maryland: I would not sell the Kansas and Texas preferred at a loss. With a reviving market it should have a good advance. (2) Western Union has continuously paid the dividend for many years, but it may be reduced to four per cent. if earnings do not increase. It is high enough, therefore. (3) The friends of Delaware and Hudson predict that it will sell at 120. All the coal stocks show strength.

"H. H.," New Orleans: Suit has been brought in the Panhandle matter, and it is a case purely for the lawyers. The outcome may be protracted litigation or an early settlement; the former is more likely, unless the managers of the road find it more profitable to settle. The annual reports of the road are printed from year to year in Poor's Railroad Manual, which you will probably find in any of your large banking institutions.

"D. B.," Cincinnati, Ohio: Union Traction, of Philadelphia, is not regarded as an investment. It has been a very profitable speculation, and its friends predict that ultimately it will be placed on an investment basis. (2) St. Louis and Southwestern preferred is also a speculative stock. Its price has almost trebled within a year. This is a heavy advance, and I should hesitate to venture in it very largely, though its friends insist that its earnings justify its present price.

"Morton," Savannah, Georgia: Your reference to the frightful ruin occasioned by the collapse of the Cordage trust is timely. It is true that other industrials shared its fate, and that some now in existence may go the same way. But at present most of the active industrials on Wall Street are upheld by strong hands, and the preferred stocks of some of them, like Federal Steel and International Paper, are apparently on a fair dividend-paying basis.

"A. N. O.," Newark, New Jersey: Rock Island, five per cent. (2) Burlington, six per cent. (3) As an investment, I prefer Burlington. (4) American Cable pays one and one-quarter per cent. quarterly, or five per cent. per annum. Consolidated Ice preferred pays one and one-half per cent. quarterly, or six per cent. per annum. National Biscuit preferred pays one and three-quarters per cent. quarterly. Federal Steel preferred is booked to pay six per cent. per annum, and the first quarterly dividend of one and one-half per cent. has just been declared. (5) As to Continental Tobacco, see reply elsewhere in this column, to "A. H. K."

## RAISED TO HEALTH.

MORE infants have been nourished with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than by all other so-called infant foods combined. Thousands of mothers testify to its merits.





FURDER DOWN.

FIRST BOY—"Dey say cigarettes hurts a feller's lungs. Do yer believe it?"  
 SECON' BOY—"Naw; dey don't hurt yer at all unless yer dad ketches yer smokin' 'em, an' den dey hurts yer furder down dan yer lungs."

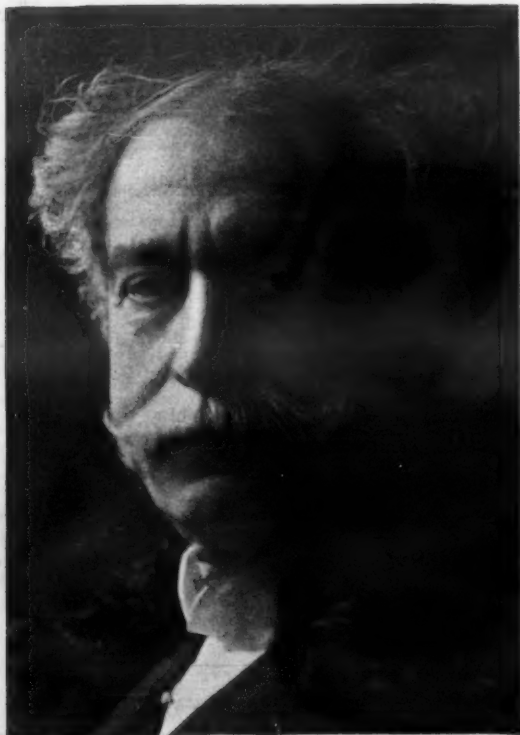


"If yer please, mum, Santy Claus can't get into our room 'cause they ain't no chimley, an' I want ter know if yer won't hang up this stockin' when you're a-hangin' up the children's, an' I'll call in the mornin' fer it?"



A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

"Say, Jim, w'ot's der matter wid de billy-goat?"  
 "He's bin an' swollered a music-box, an' I kin hear it a-playin' 'Dere's a hot time' in his stummick."



THE LATE M. A. WOOLF—FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHLOSS.



WOOLF IN HIS STUDIO.

THE LATE MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF, ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL AND UNIQUE ARTISTS OF HIS PERIOD.

[SEE PAGE 234.]





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Booklet free. **VEEDER MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.**

### MEDIUM.

IRISHMAN—"Fry me two aigs."  
Waiter—"How will you have them done—hard?"

Irishman—"Naw; jist aisy."—Judge.

### A TURKEY THOUGHT.

Oh, if I were a turkey  
I should feel very glum  
To have a pair of drumsticks  
And never own a drum.—Judge.

### GETTING EVEN.

"Why can't you wait a few minutes?" called the guests to the departing twait.  
"Because time and tied wait for no man," shouted the groom; and then the shower of shoes descended.—Judge.

### A COMPROMISE.

REVEREND DR. FOURTHLY—"Do you not think you ought to give up bicycling during Lent, Miss Wheeler?"

Miss Wheeler—"Oh, no, doctor; I could not do that. But I am willing to sacrifice a part of my bicycle-skirt."—Judge.

### That Original Marriage.

THE last echo of the six days' race, which caused such a commotion in the press circles. During the marriage ceremony celebrated on the track, one could have fancied himself in a chapel, such warm perfume filled the air. It was the bride's maid of the lovely bride, who were all decorated with Fleur-de-Lis of Oriza-Legrand; an original idea, is it not?

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LADIES are greatly benefited by the use of the tonic, Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

WITH its forty years' record Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is first in the list. No sparkling wine in use is its superior.

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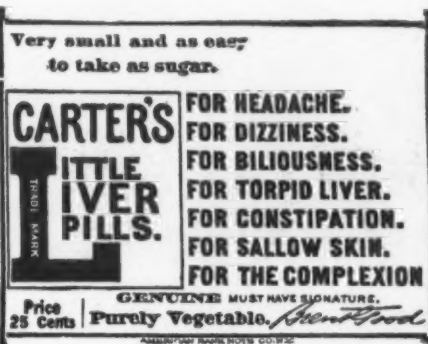
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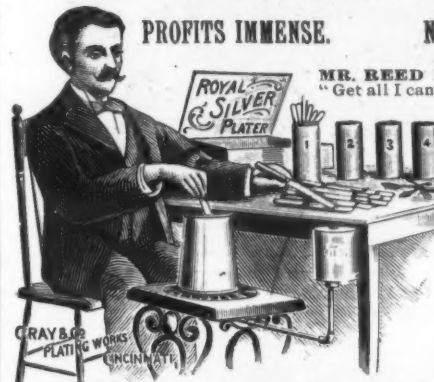
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Free Trial Package of a New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicose, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

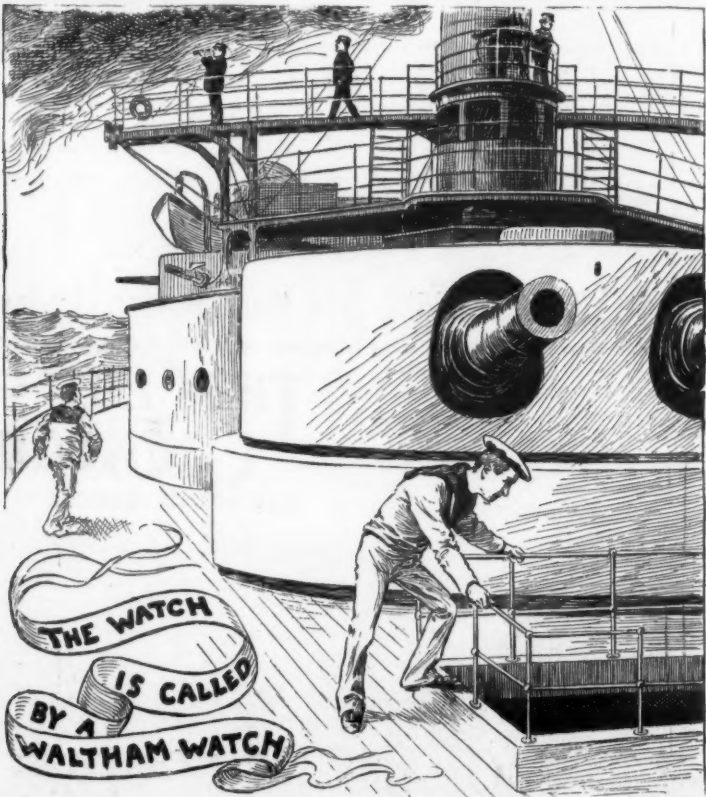
The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 706 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated, and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package, so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.







BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SILVER PLUME AND GEORGETOWN—GEORGETOWN IN THE DISTANCE. IN THE GULCH, AT THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER, MOST OF THE LIVES WERE LOST.—Photograph by George Dalgleish.



Copy of letter recently received by the Waltham Watch Co.

Hong Kong, Oct. 17, 1898.

Gentlemen:

It may interest you to know that one of your watches was bought by me some time early in 1882 and has been knocking about all over the world ever since. It still keeps perfect time and I have often used it for navigating purposes instead of the ship's watch.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. Fantlough,

Lieut. Royal Navy,

H. M. S. Grafton.

The American (Waltham) Watch Co.  
Mass.



CARRYING AWAY THE BODY OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE SILVER PLUME DISASTER. Photograph by George Dalgleish.



"PROSPECTING" FOR BODIES AT SILVER PLUME—THREE PERSONS, ALL DEAD, WERE FOUND NEAR THIS SPOT.—Photograph by George Dalgleish.

### Swept by a Snow-slide.

THE FEARFUL FEBRUARY STORM IN COLORADO AND THE WRECK IT WROUGHT—HOW SILVER PLUME SUFFERED—MANY MINERS BURIED IN THE AVALANCHE.

THE snowfall in the Rocky Mountains this winter is the greatest ever known. The immense amount of snow insures an ample supply of water for irrigation, and for the uses of the many towns whose water comes from the mountain streams. But the damage done, and being done, is greater than the good that can result. The railroads running into the mountains of Colorado have lost thousands of dollars. For the better part of a month several of these roads have been at the mercy of the storm. Trains and tracks have been shoveled and plowed out time and again, only to be snowed in more securely than before. Snow-slides have been frequent, but in only two were lives lost. These occurred at Silver Plume. Probably twenty persons lost their lives in these slides.

Silver Plume is a mining town about fifty-four miles west and south of Denver. It is located in Clear Creek Cañon, mainly on the steep side of the mountain. There are several paying mines in the district, and several hundred miners live there. These miners are nearly all Italians. They live, with their families, in miserable little shanties perched on the mountain side. To get to their homes zig-zag paths go up the rocky side. The mountain is so steep that it is impossible to crawl up in a straight line. It was down this declivity that the avalanches of snow and ice, rocks and trees, rushed. The first slide occurred Sunday morning, February 12th; the second about ten days later. The exact number of victims will be unknown until summer, when the snow has melted. At least a dozen persons lost their lives, and maybe twenty. All the members of two families, and all but one of a third, were killed.

In no case did a victim have any warning. Nearly all were caught in their cabins and buried, after being carried two or three hundred feet down the mountain. Rescue parties succeeded in taking out some miners alive, and most of these recovered. The impossibility of getting people out of the slide, either alive or

dead, is realized when it is stated that where the slide stopped the mass is 100 feet deep. Both slides had moved several hundred feet before the shanties of the miners were struck. The masses were about the same in extent—400 or 500 yards long and about half as wide. Much damage was done to mining property. The shaft-houses of several mines were swept away, and the mouths of the mines filled with snow, rocks, and timber.

Snow has been falling nearly every day all winter, and the crests and sides of the mountain were covered nearly three feet deep on an average. Preceding each slide a thaw had set in, and the masses of snow and ice became detached, rushed down the mountain, picking up rocks, trees, and everything before them, and gaining momentum every second, to stop only when the bottom of the cañon was reached. Nothing can be done to prevent these slides. The only possible precaution is to keep out of their probable track, and it is always difficult to say where that track will be.

TOM O. SHEPPARD.

### Why England Is Friendly.

A QUESTION was recently raised in the British House of Commons whether Great Britain would not be in great danger, in case of war, by reason of its dependence for the necessities of life upon foreign imports. This is not the first time that public attention has been called to the fact that an effectual blockade of the British Islands would leave them without adequate provisions in less than two or three months. Most of England's food supplies come from the United States, and many believe that the secret of the suddenly-manifested affection of our British cousins for America lies in the fact that an Anglo-American alliance would insure an abundant supply of food to Great Britain in case of its entanglement with any other nation. Without having the surplus of this country to draw upon, England would be in a very uncomfortable position. It wants the friendship of the United States because it needs our food supplies and is our best customer for them. Necessity, therefore, is not only the mother of invention, but apparently, in some instances, of affection also.



**Why Not Smoke a Pipe?**  
One "good" cigar costs more than 20 pipefuls of

# Yale Mixture

**A Gentleman's Smoke**  
the standard high-grade pipe tobacco. To make the change from cigars to YALE MIXTURE will cut the cost of smoking to ten cents on the dollar of your daily cigar expense. It's a satisfying economy!

**A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.**

Marburg Bros., The American Tobacco Co., Successors, Baltimore, Md.

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Likes: progressive men, and progressive men read

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It makes rich men of poor men.  
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It will tell you where you can make money—and where you cannot.  
It may save you thousands of dollars—  
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Send for a free sample copy.  
For sale at all news-stands.

**THE WALL STREET JOURNAL,**  
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**"Name, Quality, Price"**  
have always kept RAMBLER bicycles high in the esteem of discriminating wheel buyers.

In the RAMBLER factories only bicycles of "one grade, the highest, one quality, the best, one price," are made.

**\$40 IS THE PRICE**  
of 1899 RAMBLERS, "the very best wheels we have ever made."

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The Original

# Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit, **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket.

**STOP CHEWING!**  
NO-TO-BAC from 15¢ to 50¢ per box. Sold 400,000 boxes, 1,500 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, 5¢, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

Advertise in  
**LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

# A GOD-SEND TO ALL HUMANITY

**Invention of An Ohioan That Guarantees Health, Strength and Beauty by Nature's Method, and Cures Without Drugs**  
**All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Weakness and the Most Obstinate Diseases**

**Those Who Have Used it Declare It To Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced for Man, Woman or Child.**

An inventive genius of Cincinnati, Ohio, has patented and placed on the market a Bath Cabinet that is of great interest to the public not only the sick and debilitated, but also those enjoying health.

It is a sealed compartment, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and, with only the head outside, may have all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of the



CABINET OPEN—Step in or out

**FOLDED**  
CABINET, FRAME, STOVE, IN CASE  
FOLDED, WEIGHT 5 LBS.

most luxurious Turkish bath, hot vapor or medicated vapor baths at home for three cents each, with no possibility of taking cold, or in any way weakening the system.

A well-known physician of Topeka, Kansas, E. L. Eaton, M. D., gave up his practice to sell these Bath Cabinets, feeling that they were all his patients needed to get well and keep well, as they cured the most obstinate diseases often when his medicine failed, and we understand he has already sold over 600. Another physician of Chicago, Dr. John C. Wright, followed Dr. Eaton's example, moved West, and devotes his entire time to selling these Cabinets. Many others are doing likewise.

Hundreds of remarkable letters have been written the inventors from those who have used the Cabinets, two of which, referring to

**RHEUMATISM AND LA GRIPPE**  
Will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated by rheumatism when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use of it entirely cured me, and have never had a pain since. My doctor was much astonished and will recommend them." Mrs. S. S. Noteman, Flood River, Ore., writes that her neighbor used the Bath Cabinet for a severe case of la grippe and cured herself entirely in two days. Another neighbor cured eczema of many years' standing and her little girl of measles. A. B. Strickland, Bloomington, Idaho, writes that the Bath Cabinet did him more good in one week than two years' doctoring, and entirely cured him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and

dropsy, with which he had been long affected. Hundreds of others write praising this Cabinet, and there seems to be no doubt but that the long-sought-for means of curing rheumatism, la grippe, Bright's disease and all kidney and urinary affections has been found. The

**WELL-KNOWN CHRISTIAN MINISTER**  
Of Una, S. C. Rev. R. E. Peale, highly recommends this Cabinet, as also does Mrs. Kendricka, Princ. of Vassar College; Congressman John J. Lentz, John T. Brown, editor of the Christian Guide, many lawyers, physicians, ministers and hundreds of other influential people.

**REDUCES OBESITY.**  
It is important to know that the inventor guarantees that obesity will be reduced 5 lbs. per week if these hot vapor baths are taken regularly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers. To

**CURE BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES**  
The Cabinet is unquestionably the best thing in the world. If people, instead of filling their system with more poison by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and sweat out these poisons and assist Nature to act, they would have a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

**THE GREAT FEATURE**  
Of this Bath Cabinet is that it gives a Hot Vapor Bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands and forcing out by nature's method all the impure salt, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys and the lungs, and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. A Hot Vapor Bath instills new life from the very beginning, and makes you feel 10 years younger. With the bath, if desired, is a

**HEAD AND COMPLEXION STEAMER**  
In which the face and head are given the same vapor treatment as the body. This produces the most wonderful results, removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions, and

**CURES CATARRH AND ASTHMA**  
L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., writes: "For 45 years I have had catarrh and asthma. Drugs and doctors did me no good. The first vapor bath I took helped me and two weeks' use cured me entirely, and I have never had a twinge since."

**WHATEVER WILL HASTEN PERSPIRATION,**  
Every one knows, is beneficial. Turkish baths, massage, hot drinks, stimulants, hot foot-baths are all known to be beneficial, but the best of these methods become crude and insignificant when compared to the convenient and marvelous curative power of the Cabinet Bath referred to above. The Cabinet is known as the

**QUAKER FOLDING THERMAL**  
Vapor Bath Cabinet, was patented May 18, 1897, and is made only in Cincinnati, O. This Cabinet, we find, is durably made of best materials. It is entered and vacated by a door at the side. The Cabinet is airtight, made of the best hygienic water-proof cloth, rubber-lined, and a folding steel-plated frame supports it from top to bottom. The makers furnish a good alcohol stove with each Cabinet; also valuable receipts and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions.  
Another excellent feature is that it folds into so small a space that it may be carried when traveling—weighs but five pounds.  
People don't need bath-rooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room. Thus bath-tubs have been discarded since the invention of this Cabinet, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick-room its advantages are at

once apparent. The Cabinet is amply large enough for any person. There have been

**SO-CALLED CABINETS**  
On the market, but they were unsatisfactory, for they had no door, no supporting frame, but were simply a cheap affair to pull on or off over the head like a skirt or barrel, subjecting the body to sudden and dangerous changes of temperature, or made with a bulky wooden frame, which the heat and steam within the cabinet warped, cracked, and caused to fall apart and soon become worthless.

The Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user and the

**MAKERS GUARANTEE RESULTS**  
They assert positively, and their statements are backed by a vast amount of testimony from persons of influence, that their Cabinet will cure nervous troubles and debility, clear the skin, purify the blood, cure rheumatism. (They offer \$50 reward for a case that cannot be relieved.) Cures women's troubles, la grippe, sleeplessness, obesity, neuralgia, headaches, gout, sciatica, piles, dropsy, blood and skin disease, liver and kidney troubles. It will

**CURE A HARD COLD**  
With one bath, and break up all symptoms of la grippe, fevers, pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma, and is really a household necessity. It is the most

**CLEANSING AND INVIGORATING BATH**  
known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, but its great value lies in its marvelous power to draw out of the system the impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is really a godsend to all humanity.

**HOW TO GET ONE**

All our readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease or are afflicted, should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low; space prevents a detailed description; but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and curative properties. Write to the World Manufacturing Co., 263 World Building, Cincinnati, O., and ask them to send you their pamphlets and circulars describing this invention. The regular price of this Cabinet is \$5. Head Steaming Attachment, if desired, \$1 extra; and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much real genuine health, vigor and strength.

Write to-day for full information, or, better still, order a Cabinet. You won't be deceived or disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and will refund your money if not just as represented. They are reliable and responsible. Capital, \$100,000.00, and fill all orders promptly upon receipt of remittance.

Don't fail to send for booklet, as it will prove very interesting reading.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to good agents both men and women—upon request.

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**CUBA** Flowers Sugar Tobacco Sunshine & WEALTH

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**CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.**

This Company incorporated with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000 and composed of some of the most successful and shrewdest business men of New York and other States, who are far seeing enough to know the vast wealth to be made in Cuba within the next few years are securing immense landed properties on that beautiful and fertile island.

They are incorporated for the purpose of buying, selling, improving and cultivating lands in Cuba. Establishing and maintaining Steamship Lines, Railroads, Mills, Factories, Hotels, Docks, Plantations, &c.

Our real estate experts are now in Cuba selecting and buying choice Tobacco, Sugar, Banana, Pineapple, Coffee, Fruit, and Vegetable Lands.

With the sole object of making all of this land worth fifty times its present value, they have inaugurated the most gigantic and liberal colonization enterprise in the history of the world.

With a broader business policy than has characterized any similar enterprise the Company propose to give away all of the above-named House lots, Business lots and Plantations of from 2.5 to 40 acres, absolutely Free to found an American colony.

**THE LAND ABSOLUTELY FREE.**  
No charge is made for the land for making deed, notary fee, taxes or other so-called expenses, but we require all to send \$5 cts. when application is made. This amount is simply to help pay cost of this advertisement, postage and handsome illustrated book on Cuba—its climate, soil, tobacco, sugar and fruit culture. Each applicant can receive a Warranty Deed for a Plantation, or 2 House, or Business Lot, as he or she may choose. You are not obliged to have the deed executed if your proposition or location of land does not suit you, and in that case the 25 cents expense money will be returned.

The Plantations and lots to be given away will consist of only one-fifth of our property, the remaining four-fifths we shall hold for the Company's profit, to be sold in the future at enormously increased values.

Large and diversified ownership, by energetic and enterprising Americans, will make all of our property worth, in five years, fifty times what it is to-day—hence our offer, such a field of wealth has never before been opened. It may mean a fortune to you; it certainly means happiness, comfort, and a competence to those who accept our offer now.

**\$300 to \$1500 PER ACRE.**  
can be made from Cuban land, raising Sugar, Tobacco, Coffee, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Pineapples, Bananas, Figs, Citron, and all early vegetables. Three crops per year. No frost, a beautiful, healthful climate, under American system of government a life on the richest and most fertile island in the world. Forty acres will make you a fortune in a few years. Five acres a competence for life. We start you on the road to this. Why toil, and starve, and freeze, when, by at once taking advantage of this offer, you can reap a golden harvest, and live a life of comparative ease.

**PLANTATIONS SET OUT AND CULTIVATED.**  
The Company will set out and take care of Plantations for those who are not in a position to attend to it personally. After two years a 10-acre plantation will pay \$4,000 yearly, and after five years over \$8,000. Think of it! Our offer is open to all except girls of boys under 16, or paupers. We want people with ambition and energy. Those who have something and want to see that something grow into a splendid and easy livelihood.

**CONDITIONS.**  
There are absolutely no conditions that cannot be complied with. You are not required to more there, to improve in any way except at your own pleasure, though we prefer that you should.

**EXCURSIONS**  
will be run several times yearly by steamships, for the benefit of stockholders and land owners. These excursions will be either given in one of our own steamships, or one chartered for the purpose at actual cost of transportation and food.

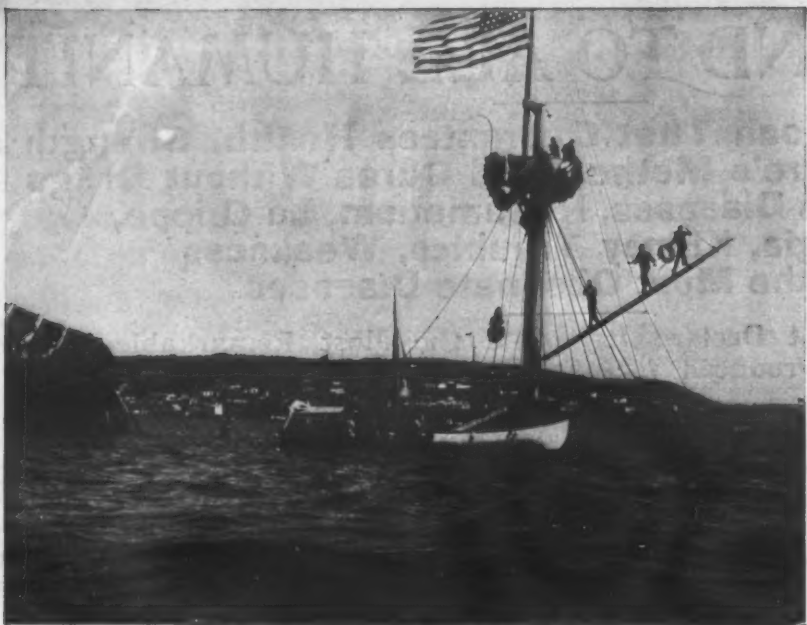
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is the day to answer this advertisement to secure its full benefits. Should your application be too late to receive the full benefits then the money will be returned. Send 25 cents, stamps or silver.

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AMERICAN  
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WHISKEY

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If you need a stimulant it will comfort you

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**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**  
Extract of Beef

Signed *Liebig* in blue

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CANDY CATHARTIC.

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c  
ALL DRUGGISTS.

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will think a

long while if he knows there is a **SMITH & WESSON** Revolver in the house.

All calibers; long or short barrel.

Write for descriptive catalogue.

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